

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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Art. I. *Apologie der Neuern Theologie des Evangelischen Deutschlands, gegen ihren Neuesten Anklager, oder Beurtheilung der Schrift, "Der Zustand u. s. f. v. H. J. Rose."*—Von D. Karl Gottlieb Bretschneider, Oberconsistorialrath und Generalsuperintendenten zu Gotha. Halle. 1826. 12mo. pp. 66. [A Vindication of the Modern Theology of Lutheran Germany, against the recent Accusations brought against it, or the Judgement pronounced in the Discourses of the Rev. H. J. Rose, &c. By Charles Theophilus Bretschneider, D.D. Member of the Supreme Court of Consistory and Ecclesiastical Superintendent General at Gotha.] London. Treuttel, Würtz, & Co. 2s.

WE have so recently expressed our opinions on this interesting subject, and we have so little to retract or to correct, after the perusal of the tract before us, that we shall do little more than present extracts from it. No observations of ours could so unexceptionably and satisfactorily put into the hands of our readers, the means of judging for themselves.

‘ Since this libel upon the German Theology has been put into circulation among us in a translation into our own language, it becomes a matter of necessity to subject it to a careful examination, and place it in a true light; for it may probably be made a perverse use of by our mystics and zealots, not only to misrepresent the German theology, but also to cry down many respectable and highly esteemed divines, as corrupters of religion, and thus do them much injury with statesmen, ministers of government, and princes, who usually learn such matters through the medium of other persons. As Discourses delivered before the University of Cambridge, they are nothing but a proof that Mr. Rose has looked a little into Germany, and has found matters different from what they are in the high church of England. Why need we trouble ourselves with what an Englishman, crammed as full of prejudices as he can hold, fancies that he has seen of us by his wry glances and half glances; or with what he, either from design or from weakness of judgement, misunderstands? We give him ample

leave to lavish as many compliments at our cost as he likes, upon his fellow-collegians at Cambridge, and his ecclesiastical superiors. We grudge him not the English satisfaction of making out to his friends, what they already most comfortably believe, that there is no country that can vie with the perfections of England, and no church so excellent as their high Episcopal Church with her Thirty Nine Articles and her long-winded Liturgy. But, when the busy hand of a German translator has planted this libel upon our own ground, and when the booksellers may circulate it into all the districts of Germany, and among all the orders of society, it then acquires the character of a *mischievous denunciation* which, though it could mislead no well-informed person, yet may operate strongly upon many ignorant minds; especially as there are among us, not a few simpletons who prefer foreign goods and foreign opinions to those of our own country, and take up every thing as excellent which comes across the British Channel or the North Sea.' pp. 3—5.

Dr. Bretschneider lays down the position, that a man is disqualified from giving information worthy of credit, upon any subject, if, in relation to that subject, the four following conditions apply to him.

- ' 1. That he is governed by an unfair party-spirit.
- ' 2. That he is defective in the materials of knowledge and the critical powers of mind, which are necessary rightly to understand the subject.
- ' 3. That, if not from design, yet from mental incapacity, he puts the facts of the case in a false and partial light.
- ' 4. That he derives not his assertions from his own knowledge, but borrows at least many of them from other persons, and those *anonymous*, and who are sufficiently indicated as belonging to the party of declared enemies to those against whom the accusations are brought.'

It is evident, that this last position is not sufficiently sound to be made the basis of a general conclusion. An honest man may derive just and correct statements from other persons, and his integrity is not violated, if he gives them as the statements of others: and declared enemies, or opponents in any matter of controversy, are not, on that account, disabled from speaking the truth. It is possible that they may be opponents from no other than the most upright and honourable motives; and, if even this were not the case, it is possible that their accusations may stand upon proofs accessible to any person, and upon which the whole world is capable of forming a rational opinion. These cautions apply very strongly to the subject in hand. Mr. Rose's accusations rest chiefly on the printed and published writings of the persons whom he vituperates; and, if all the allegations derived from private information were thrown out of the case, the grounds of it would not be materially altered. It is, however, altogether a different question, whether he has



made a right use of his information, be the way of its acquisition what it may; whether the books which he cites are justly to be regarded as depositories of the sentiments and indices of the characters of any particular bodies of men, or whether none but their individual authors are responsible for them; whether the sense of those books is correctly represented; whether the extracts are impartially made; whether the conclusions from these data are justly drawn. On some or all of these questions, Mr. Rose may have laid himself open to objection; but that must be determined by the particular evidence: we cannot admit the general principle of his respondent.

We should be obliged to translate almost the whole pamphlet, if we were to go through Dr. Bretschneider's proofs and pleadings, under his various topics of charge. We can only take what seem to us the most important hints and passages.

He infers the English Author's party-spirit, from the general tone of unmeasured and extravagant censure in which he indulges. Mr. Rose adduces, says Dr. B., 'as if the specimen were fair, one of the most frivolous theological writers of modern times, C. F. Bahrdt; yet, of his opinions and writings, Mr. R. is extremely ignorant. Against Wegscheider, his objections indicate a serious want of an intelligent and impartial mind.

'I do not agree with the Rationalist System of Dr. Wegscheider, as any one may see from my printed writings. But, as he avows the Holy Scriptures to be the word of God, equally whether it be mediately or immediately so, and thereupon urges the duty of a firm adherence to their divine contents, in our religious instructions, as the rule and standard of faith and practice;—of one who thus acknowledges Christianity to be a *divine institution*, and Jesus and his apostles to be *messengers and servants of God*, nothing but either want of understanding or party-malevolence can say, that 'he threatens with annihilation all that is holy and venerable and precious.' p. 10.

Is it possible that Dr. Bretschneider can see, as he professes, no essential difference in practical effect, between the scheme of *mediate*, and that of *immediate* revelation? The former, which is the doctrine maintained by Wegscheider, is, that Christianity is a communication of truth from God, for the benefit of mankind, not in the way of a miraculous and immediate operation on the minds of Jesus and the apostles, but only by the universal and constantly operating energy of the Deity, which is usually called his *providence*. Is it possible that he should not have perceived, that the following consequences irrefragably follow from this theory? *First*: that Jesus and his apostles could be the discoverers and interpreters of religious truth and duty, in no other way than by the reasonings of their own minds, with no more aid from God than all men enjoy, who "live, and

move, and have their being in him." *Secondly*: that they were messengers of God in no other sense than Confucius, Zaleucus, and Socrates, Cato and Cicero, Alfred and William Penn, Luther, Zuinglius, and Calvin were. *Thirdly*: that Christianity is a divine institution in the same sense, though the degree of importance may be never so much higher, as any great instrument of developing the intellectual and moral faculties of mankind, occurring under the ordinary dominion of God's universal providence; such as the invention of the art of printing, the discovery of America, and the great advancement of science during the last two centuries. *Fourthly*: that since Jesus and his apostles, in the most solemn manner, *declared* that they brought an immediate revelation from God, and *professed* to work miracles in attestation of it, they were living in a constant course of lying and imposture. Let a man, for a moment, imagine this theory to be true, and then ask, what could be the state of mind and feeling in the apostle Paul, when he wrote: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; and we are found false witnesses for God: because we have witnessed concerning God, that he raised up Christ; whom he did not raise up, if so be that the dead rise not?"—The thought is too horrid to be dwelt on for a moment!

Dr. Bretschneider must be perfectly aware of all this. We are compelled then to the supposition, that what he calls 'the practical result,—a religious faith,—obedience'—and which he assumes as being the entire sum of what is essential in religion, is nothing more than the vapid, self-deceptive, barely nominal acknowledgement of a Deity, which may be found in the mind of a deist or a heathen, and which is perfectly consistent with a practical disavowal of the Only True God, disaffection to his *real* perfections, and enmity to his holy law. We will add his illustration, to shew that we do him no wrong.

'Two farmers acknowledge that the favourable weather and the produce of their grounds are derived from God. The one supposes that rain and sunshine have succeeded each other every time by a particular decree of God and a special act of his will; which, besides the constant and universal agency of his power, exercises a direct extraneous influence upon the clouds, the air, and the sun. But the other believes that the state of the weather proceeds from the continual and unvarying operation of God, in which the powers of nature are acting every moment by his will and energy, according to a system of regular laws. Nothing but gross ignorance could regard the former of these as a religious man, and the latter as irreligious; for, by both of them, their harvests are considered as the gift of God, and both feel themselves obliged thereby to equal thanks and praise.' p. 11.

This supposition clearly enough shews the leading principle

of the Antisupernaturalists; but we are astonished that the Author should not have perceived its irrelevancy to his purpose. If the doctrines of Christianity consisted of inferences and constructions, made by men's inductive faculties, from data accessible to all mankind,—as the systems of natural science have been formed by the accumulated labour of ages and the felicitous application of distinguished individuals;—if, in consequence of their very nature as referring to things spiritual, existing in the future state, and incapable of being made subjects of investigation and experiment, those doctrines were not such as **MUST** have been made known by a positive intervention of the Deity, or they **COULD never have been known to man in the present state at all**;—if they were not contained in written documents, whose most prominent declarations are, that their contents are not of men nor by men, but are oracles of God, the word of Jehovah, what the spirit of the Lord spake, what were given by his inspiration;—if those declarations were not so inextricably interwoven with all the other facts, doctrines, and precepts which they contain, that, if the writers *could* be mistaken in this respect, not the smallest reliance could be placed on them in any other;—if the hypothesis of the Antisupernaturalists (viz. that the assertion of miracles, prophecy, and a positive communication from the Deity, was made by Moses and the Prophets, by Jesus and the Apostles, as a wise and benevolent artifice [—What a code of *morals*, too, would these men set up!—] to recommend their pure religion to the general mass of mankind, whose grosser minds are not accessible to mere rational argument;) were not indisputably fatal to their integrity, and did not, without the possibility of escape, fix on them the charge of being *deceivers* the most wilful, deliberate, and audacious that ever lived;—if these were not the broad facts of the case, then might Dr. Bretschneider's syncretism be listened to; then might we inquire whether, as he complacently affirms, 'in both cases a religious faith exists, which determines the mind to obedience, and produces practical religion.'

But we detect the source of this dangerous and fatal error, in the notion, that there is so wide a difference between *Religion* and *Theology*, that the former is quite independent of the latter. This principle, Dr. B. goes very near to avow in pages 22 and 23. Here, however, we must acknowledge that, as in many other instances, the boundary line of truth and error is not to be drawn without care and accuracy. It may be a question solely of words. If, by Theology, we understand the history and knowledge of human representations and arrangements of doctrines and hypotheses, which is the sense in which the modern divines of Germany commonly use the word, the dis-



inction may be sustained ; but, if it be so understood as to imply, that the subjects of theological disquisition are pure theories, and indifferent to the existence or the exclusion of vital religion, we cannot but regard it as a false and very pernicious way of speaking. True religion must be built upon true theology, namely, the theology of the Scriptures, received by right apprehension and sincere faith ; and true religion is no other than the application of that theology to the affections of the mind and the conduct of the life, establishing, in both, the principles and the practice of genuine holiness. Our Author, for the support of the wide distinction which he would make, refers with eager approbation to the late excellent Dr. Tittmann : but, if the observations of that judicious writer were duly attended to, the dangerous misconstruction against which we protest, and which we fear Dr. Bretschneider implicitly sanctions, would not exist. We shall have the thanks of our readers for selecting a few sentences from Tittmann.

‘ *Theology*, Doctrinal as well as Polemical, Exegetical, Symbolical [referring to creeds and confessions of faith], Patristical, and any other species, is a science produced by the reason and intellectual talent of man, disposed, discussed, and elaborated by human art and wisdom, and which has undergone a variety of changes and alterations of form, according to the diversity of times and of men’s minds. For, as the industry of mankind slowly and gradually collected the scattered facts of history, mathematics, and philosophy, put them together so as to form the rudiments of science, and reduced them to the methods of art ; so the diligence of divines has collected the chief heads of religion which lie dispersed through the Scriptures, has reduced them to a predetermined order, and has explained them according to the laws of metaphysical refinement. The motives for this procedure arose, partly out of the necessity of defending the truth from the assaults of its adversaries, and partly out of the love of study, the utility of logical method, the agreeableness of perspicuity, and the facility hereby procured for communicating religious instruction. At the beginning of Christianity, and for some centuries afterwards, there was no Theology, in the modern sense of the term ; that is, its doctrines were not disposed under certain heads, reduced to the forms of artificial arrangement in Bodies, Systems, or Compendiums, and taught with a strict observance of this order and method. The foundations of Systematical Theology were laid by the Greek and Latin Fathers ; many of whom, before their conversion to Christianity, were well versed in the learning of their times,—orators, philosophers, and lawyers.—Yet, none of them attempted a regular system or body of doctrine. The feeble beginnings of such a work appeared in the seventh century, by Isidore of Seville ; it was further carried on, in the eighth, by John of Damascus ; and from the eleventh’—[it was gradually matured into the celebrated Scholastic Theology.—Calvin, in 1535, and Melancthon, in 1543, were the first

Protestants who arranged the body of religious truths in a kind of scientific form.]—‘ But *Religion* is not a science and art of man: it was not excogitated by human invention or discovery: but it was inspired and revealed by God, delivered first by the prophets, then by the Son of God himself, and finally by his apostles whom the Holy Spirit enlightened. And, though this most holy course of religious instruction has gone through several alterations of form; though we have it in the New Testament, as declared by Jesus Christ and his apostles, shining much more brightly than by the ministry of the prophets under the Old Testament; and though its foundations were scarcely laid, in the apostolic age, before it was so convulsed and cast down to the very dust, by the introduction of perverse opinions, that, through the long train of years, restoration was impracticable; yet, with regard to its essential parts, it was *ever the same*, both under the Old Testament and under the New; yea, amidst all the foulness of human ignorance, and the multitude and perverseness of human errors, its TRUTH and its VITAL INFLUENCE have stood, and to all ages shall stand, unimpaired. Mighty as have been the numbers and the power, the crafty abilities and the unprincipled arts of its deadly foes; against all the assaults and malice and insults of its opponents, in all past and in all future times, it has existed and shall exist, unshaken and unhurt, supported and protected by the Divine Omnipotence, sustained by its own intrinsic energies, and firm in its own righteous cause. It shall endure as long as the human race continues upon earth, and it shall triumph in complete victory over all its enemies. See, then, the distinction between *Theology* and *Religion*! *That* is derived from men, and, as to its external form, is a human institution of science: *this* has God for its author, and is a science wholly divine. *That* was not at all times; it was not under the Old Testament; it was not at the beginning of the New Testament dispensation: but *this* was from the creation of man, yea, from all eternity; for it was no other than DIVINE TRUTH, eternal as God himself. *That* will have an end; but *this* will never have an end. “ Knowledge shall vanish away,—but love never faileth.” ’ *Car. Chr. Tittmannus de Discrimine Theologiæ et Religionis*; in his *Opuscula Theologica*, pp. 546—550.

We return to Dr. Bretschneider's defence.

‘ Mr Rose, brought up in the bosom of the English Episcopal Church, has, in good earnest, received the dominant faith of that communion, as the only true representation of Christianity; and is a zealous orthodox Englishman, believing that all true theology is contained in the 39 Articles. To bring this faith to the test of evidence, is no part of his business; for he ascribes to his church the principle, that “ the Fathers of the first three or four centuries are unexceptionable witnesses of what Jesus and the apostles had taught, and of the sense in which the holy Scripture is to be understood.” He that could write in this manner, can never have read any of the Fathers. ...With respect to the so called Apostolical Fathers, as Hermas, Barnabas, Ignatius, and Clemens of Rome, they (with the exception of the Recognitions) contain no development of Christian doctrine,

of which we can make the smallest use. They seldom refer to the decisions of Jesus and the apostles, and chiefly confine themselves to the Old Testament, which they expound allegorically, but for the right understanding of which they were ill qualified, as they were ignorant of the Hebrew language. With respect to the Recognitions and the Clementines, the author cannot have read them, or he would never have imagined that he could find in them a genuine testimony to the meaning of divine revelation. Or is he willing to give credit to the Clementines, when they affirm that the Old Testament had been many times falsified, and that it contains a multitude of erroneous and dangerous assertions? Or does he assent to Barnabas, who, in the fifth chapter of his Epistle, utters the silly fable, that "Jesus selected to be his apostles, the most abandoned of men?" Or does he believe with the same Father, that the Fourth Book of Esdras contains divine predictions concerning Christ; and that the allegorical interpreting of the Old Testament is the Christian's sublimest wisdom? Or is he disposed to say with Hermas, "Fast, and thou shalt receive revelations from God;" "The Lord sent his angel, who presides over wild beasts, and is called Hegrin;" or to maintain with him, that "only repentance with baptism obtains the forgiveness of sins, all other repentance afterwards is of no avail;" or that the apostles, after their death, administered baptism in the invisible world? If we come down from the time of the Apostolic Fathers, we find still more strange things, which we shall hardly be able to accept as the proper exposition of divine revelation. Thus, Justin the Martyr says, that the devil persuaded Adam and Eve in paradise, that they would become deities, and that thus idolatry originated, (*Cohort. ad Gent.* p. 19.) for he always represents the first sin as idolatry; that dæmons (*Apol. i.* p. 44.) gave magical writings to men; that the soothsaying of the heathen was effected by the souls of the dead, whom the priests got into their power by incantations; (*Apol. ii.* p. 37.) and that his Son, or Logos, is the second power under God. It is enough that the result of reading the Fathers, down to the year 325, is as follows: they had not the doctrine of the Trinity, of Original Sin, of the Impotency of Men to Good, of the Satisfaction of Christ; they had no clear conceptions of the Expiatory effects of the Death of Christ; they merely regarded baptism as the sacrament by which past sins were forgiven; and they believed that, for sins committed after baptism, men must make satisfaction themselves; they were of widely different opinions upon the Origin of Evil; and they had a mass of superstitious notions about Angels, Dæmons, the Millennial Reign, and other subjects. Such are the witnesses whom Mr. Rose proclaims as the most unexceptionable interpreters of divine revelation, and authoritative instructors upon the manner in which holy scripture is to be understood.—Is Mr. Rose ignorant of Origen's method of interpretation?—Not in the Old Testament only, but also in the New, he abandoned the literal sense, which he thought was fit only for the vulgar herd of men, and believed that the man of superior wisdom must every where uncover a spiritual and rational sense, without which he cannot admit the Old Testament to be the word of



God. "Moses," says he, (*adv. Celsum. i. 18.*) "wrote nothing which has not a double sense, one for the vulgar, and another for the wise." Upon the history of the Transfiguration, he says, (*Comm. in Matth. t. xii. § 37.*) "Theologically understood, Christ was transfigured in the Spirit, after his exaltation; and not merely according to the simple opinion of the unlearned vulgar. The shining raiment is his sayings, and the Gospels and other apostolical writings. He who knows Christ in this way, sees also Moses and Elias, who stands by synecdoche for all the prophets. The shining cloud is the Holy Spirit." He also interprets allegorically the miracles of healing; for instance, the lunatic in Matt. xvii. 14. is, according to him, a person spiritually diseased, who is sometimes virtuous, but oftener is seized by the epilepsy of passion. Upon the passage in Leviticus vi. 24, &c. he says: "If we were to understand all this in no other than the literal sense, when it is read in the church, it would be an obstacle and a very means of destruction to the Christian religion, rather than an instrument of improvement and edification." (*Homil. in Levit. v. 1.*) On the passage in John vi. 54—56, he exclaims: "Know that this is a figure, and understand it not carnally, but spiritually; or else it will not nourish, but hurt you: for not only in the Old Testament, but in the gospel also, there is a letter which killeth: therefore what we read in the gospel, as well as what is said in the law, must be understood spiritually. When we say, in this spiritual sense, that God revealed the law, it appears to be a system of legislation worthy of the Divine Majesty: but, when we adhere to the letter, and understand what is written in the law as the Jews and the common people do, I blush to say and to acknowledge that such a law has been given by God." (*Homil. in Levit. vii. 5.*) The principle, that to the declarations and narratives of Scripture we must give such a meaning as shall be *worthy* of a divine writing, was a principle, not of Origen only, but of Augustine and many other Fathers of the church. Still more ignorant in Patristic history does Mr. Rose appear, in his maintaining that, in the primitive church, there was no room for philosophy, and in his senseless accusation of the application of Philosophy to Theology. Surely, he might have been expected to know that, through all the periods of the Christian history, Philosophy has had a decisive influence upon Theology, and that this is a necessary consequence of the nature of those two departments of knowledge. He ought to have known that all the earlier Fathers, who contributed the most to the formation of the Ecclesiastical system, applied their *philosophy* to the Christian doctrine: but especially Justin the Martyr, Athenagoras, Tatian, the Author of the Recognitions and the Clementines, the celebrated Clemens of Alexandria, the still more celebrated Origen, Tertullian, Augustine, and others. Thus, in the earliest centuries, they were not frightened at philosophy; but held it to be of great use in theology. Justin, Clemens of Alexandria, and Origen, expressly derived the Grecian Philosophy from the influence of the Divine Logos, equally as the wisdom of the Prophets and Apostles. Clemens likewise attributes inspiration to the heathen sages (*Stromata, v. 13.*); he even

calls their philosophy a peculiar covenant of God with them, (vi. 8.); and thinks that they were saved by that philosophy, as Christians are by their faith. For, of Augustine's doctrine, that mankind by the fall of Adam have lost the image of God, and the power to know God, and to practise virtue, and are involved in error and sin, that first period knew nothing. Only in Tertullian occur first some distant intimations of those opinions.' pp. 13, 33—40.

These observations on the Fathers are much more important in other respects, than as an exposure of Mr. Rose's ignorance or inadvertence. They would give rise to a crowd of reflections, in which we cannot now find room to indulge. We can only remark, that they are *ex parte* statements, and are no more to be regarded as exhibiting a true picture of the Fathers, than, on the other side, is Mr. Milner's anxious culling of favourable passages and pious sentences. The world never saw more weak and inconsistent writers than many of these early Christians. Excepting Clemens of Rome and Ignatius, in whose *genuine* remains, so far as they can be ascertained, there is more of gospel truth and simplicity than Dr. B. allows, they were miserably beguiled and spoiled by their absurd 'philosophy' and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments 'of the world, and not after Christ.' It is one of the many evidences of the genuineness of the New Testament Scriptures, that the writers who immediately followed in the Christian succession, were so immeasurably beneath the apostles in sentiment, spirit, and manner, that to fancy that any of the books of the New Testament had been either forged or interpolated by the Christians of the same or the next age, would be as rational a supposition, as that Paradise Lost and the Principia were written by the authors of Little Red Riding Hood and Nixon's Prophecies. We find it impossible to persuade ourselves, that the Barnabas and Hermas of the New Testament were the authors of the stupidity and nonsense which go under their names. With regard to Augustine, it is not true, that the doctrines of redemption and grace made no appearance in the writings of any of the Fathers before him: but if it were, to the extent which Dr. Bretschneider affirms, it would only exhibit the genuine consequence of that neglect of the New Testament, and of those dangerous principles of interpretation, which he justly charges upon them; it would shew the exact fulfilment of many predictive warnings in the real Apostolic writings, such as, that the mystery of iniquity was already working, and that awfully soon many were turned from the grace of Christ unto another gospel; and it would prove that, by the diligent study of the sacred word with the fervour of prayer and the riches of divine blessing, Augustine was enabled

to recover the plain truths of Revelation from the neglect with which they had been so long and so criminally treated.

Dr Bretschneider puts forth his power and acuteness with no small severity, upon Mr. Rose's unhappy notions on the 'blessing' and 'benefit' of the Church of England, derived from the 'binding power of the Articles which guide our faith, and the Liturgy which directs our devotion,' and the 'controlling form of our peculiar system of Church-government;' together with his exulting avowals that 'a minister of the Church,—Episcopal, —which professes to be Apostolical,—must pursue the road which *that Church dictates*:—he must no longer *think his own thoughts*, or form his own plans; but *he must teach what the Church commands*, in the sphere which she assigns;—he will know that it belongs not to him to remedy the error, or supply the deficiency,' which may have forced itself upon his convictions.

Had Mr. Rose been a scriptural and enlightened Protestant, conscientiously rejecting all illegitimate authority in matters of faith, deriving his religion solely from the pure fountain of God's lively oracles, well understanding the rights of conscience, and practically honouring them; he would have been a very different sort of antagonist to the Superintendant of Gotha. Instead of a mound of clay and stubble, which his Respondent, with contemptuous ease, shivers to dust, he would have presented a bulwark of Zion, 'built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.'

'Mr. Rose therefore has marched away with his eyes shut, on the beaten road of the Episcopal Church; and (as must always be the case with those who renounce examination of things for themselves) has believed in all seriousness, that the total system of true Theology and the whole body of Christianity are found, entire and alone, in the Thirty-nine Articles and the Liturgy of his Church. But now he is disturbed from his comfortable repose by a phenomenon which, to a man who is pledged to the renunciation of all thinking for himself, must be very unwelcome; forsooth, that Kühnöl's \* Commentary on the New Testament, and Rosenmüller's Scholia on the Old, and Schleusner's Lexicon, have come into considerable use among the students of theology in England; and that he has found

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\* Professor of Theology at Giessen. In his Latin works, he writes his name *Kuinoel*. But this is more likely to mislead than to assist an English tongue. The diphthong in the first syllable is pronounced like the French *u*, or the Welsh *y*; a vowel-sound unknown to our language, but which frequently occurs in the Scottish dialect. The second syllable is pronounced exactly like the last syllable in our word *annul*.



out in these books, not even excepting Schleusner, much heretical "poison," by which the said students may be carried beyond the bounds of the Thirty-nine Articles. Alarmed at the introduction of this poison into his country, he makes a philological journey into Germany, and takes close observation of the Theology of the Germans, in order, when he gets home again, to warn his countrymen against the writings of those Germans, to destroy the credit which they have got in England, and strongly to fortify the happy state in which the divines of the English Episcopal Church "think not their own thoughts," but only those of the Thirty-nine Articles. Especial care also took he not to forget his coloured spectacles, through which to look at Germany and German divines: and surely, strange would it have been if he had not found, what he alone wanted to see,—matter for accusation.' p. 14.

Dr. B. displays the inconsistencies and contradictions occurring in different parts of Mr. R.'s work, and does not fail to place them in striking opposition. He contests many of his principles of argument, charges him with innumerable failures in his logic, and overwhelms him with instances of his extraordinary ignorance in theological and ecclesiastical matters, the history and principles of the Reformation, the design and use of Confessions of Faith, the progress of sacred literature, modern as well as ancient Church history, and even the history of England and the English Church. But he, above all, complains of Mr. R.'s extremely superficial and defective acquaintance with the characters, opinions, and writings of the persons against whom his book is directed.

'And what ideas must Mr. Rose have of learned investigation, when he thinks that there may be a "too deep reflection," a too deep penetration into the philosophical grounds and reasons of things, a point at which we ought to remain satisfied with "superficial reasonings!" Which is just as much as to say, that we may be too well informed, and that we get further off from the truth, the deeper we go into it, and when we do not choose to rest upon the surface. He that can write such paltry gossip as this, should, at least, abstain from setting himself up as a judge and an accuser of scholars whom he can follow neither high nor deep, and should content himself to stand on his own line of mediocrity. Yet is Mr. R. aware of what he is thinking about, when he urges "the *check* and *restraint* over the human mind" which the church should exercise? We have an example of it in the Roman Catholic Inquisition. Has Mr. R. any other way of managing the matter? And what does he want? That theologians should be compelled, by civil penalties, to abide by the views of Christian Doctrine and Biblical Learning which certain divines established about three hundred years ago, when men were beginning to work themselves free from the enormous mass of errors with which religion had been disfigured, when philology, history, and philosophy were in their infancy, when the knowledge of Hebrew was such a

rarity, that Luther had to begin that study in advanced life? As the scripture was understood and explained then, so must it now, and in all time to come, be understood and explained; and the minds of men must be *constrained* to keep within the limits of the learning of the sixteenth century!—None but a weak-minded man could wish for such a state of things. He thus condemns the whole work of the Reformation, yea, even Jesus and the apostles; and he openly justifies both the compulsion of conscience employed by the Romish Church, and the proceedings of the Jewish high-priests against Jesus and his disciples. For, if it be once the duty of a religious society to maintain unaltered its established doctrines and forms of worship, that was certainly the duty of the Catholic Church against the Reformation, and of the Jewish Church against Christianity. But the apostles said in this case, that “we ought to obey God rather than men.” According to this, King Henry committed a crime when he broke loose from the Pope, and Queen Elizabeth and her renowned divines were in the wrong for “thinking their own thoughts” in theology, and for putting those thoughts into their Thirty-nine Articles. Into such gross inconsistencies does a man fall, who arrogates the seat of judgement in things which he does not thoroughly understand.’ pp. 17—19.

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‘Mr. Rose excuses himself for not having produced a solid refutation of these opinions, as an antidote to their spread and influence, thus: “In nine instances out of ten, the opinions of the [German] Rationalists, are the opinions which have been expressed a thousand times in the pages of [the English] Deistical writers, and as often refuted.” Only the Accommodation theory is allowed to be, though not an absolute, yet a “leading novelty.” Thus, during his whole German journey, amidst his bitter complaints of the “mass of bad opinions,” which the Germans have fished up out of their “too deep reflection,” and their “refusal to be satisfied with superficial reasonings,” while he was composing his slanderous book to warn his theological countrymen of the creeping in of the foreign poison; and again, when he says that this poison is spread only by the works of Kühnöl and Rosenmüller;—he never recollected that the whole system of the German Rationalists, except their theory of Accommodation, had been, *a thousand times* before, brought forward by the English Deists, and refuted by the English Episcopal Church! Truly an unlucky failure of memory! Mr. R. might have spared himself the trouble of his whole book!—What must we think of a man’s capacity to give his judgement, who first says that he takes his pen in hand, to ward off an outlandish mischief which threatened to creep into his country; and, after all, acknowledges that this mischief already existed a thousandfold, in preceding writings of his own countrymen?—The writings of the English freethinkers, such as Collins, Woolston, Tindall, Chubb, and Morgan, came into the world long before the modern German theology; later still, England has had her Paine; and we often now read in the public papers, of writings published in that country against Christianity. How weak

and injudicious must Mr. Rose now appear, when he says, that the Episcopal church in England is so happy as to have, in the binding power of the Thirty Nine Articles, in the superintending church-government, and in the Liturgy, the means of protecting herself against this evil; and yet he allows that this evil had already, and even long ago, taken root a thousandfold in England! Far be it from me in any way to allow of a resemblance in our modern divines to the English freethinkers, those revilers of Christianity and the facts on which it is founded; and one of whom had the impudence to affirm, that, according to all probable calculation of the duration of revealed religion, in the twentieth century, (if I am not mistaken, or perhaps a little later,) Christianity would no more exist upon earth. What avails now the English Episcopal Church, the faith-compulsion which she exercises over her members and clergy, when such an abundance of poisonous weeds could spring up and luxuriate; when, in that land of orthodoxy, the Episcopal Church is incessantly declining, and Unitarian, Methodist, Quaker, and Independent communities are perpetually forming and increasing?' pp. 20—22.

Upon the preceding passage we must remark, that the revival of an obsolete and almost forgotten mass of pernicious opinions, or their presentation under a new and more specious form, is a very just ground of complaint; so that Mr. Rose might be fairly vindicated against the charge of inconsistency in this instance. Neither can we admit, that Dr. Bretschneider has reason to repudiate the alliance of the Antisupernaturalists with the old English deists. The attempt to resolve the miracles of our Lord and his apostles into natural effects of natural causes, happening at the opportune moment, and managed with consummate adroitness, *that is, with an unprincipled and hardened spirit of deception*, however that attempt be clad in the guise of respectful or even pious phrases,—is only put into its proper company when it is classed with the schemes of Woolston, Tindal, and Chubb.

It is a principle held by many of the new German divines, who do not professedly deny the reality of the Scripture miracles, that the effect of those miracles, as demonstrations of a divine intervention, was confined to the persons who saw them, or at most to their contemporaries; and that the principal, if not the only grounds of our belief in the Divine origin of Christianity are, its *internal characters* of truth and goodness, and its *experimental influence* upon the mind. Dr. Bretschneider is one of this class; and he vindicates the opinion by saying, that the old Protestant divines maintained the very same. In this, we believe that he is in a great error. The divines of the sixteenth century, and some who came after them, did not indeed direct their attention very distinctly to the historical argument for revelation: circumstances did not call them to



it, and they were almost absorbed in the defence of the Reformation against the Romanists. But it would be doing them great injustice, to construe this oversight of theirs, or even the hyperbolical language which may be quoted from the often incautious Luther, into a conformity of principles with these modern gentlemen, whose design, we cannot but fear, is to throw shades of doubt upon the reality of the miraculous facts. The distinction, which those old divines justly made, between a *human* and a *divine* faith, was a totally different thing from what our contemporaries wish to insinuate. They meant that a man might, upon external and historical evidence, admit the gospel to be from God, while he remained careless about a practical compliance with its requirements: and, as the examples of this epidemical delusion were constantly before their eyes, while they scarcely ever met with avowed infidels, it is no wonder that they exclusively urged the experience of the power of the truth upon the heart, as the grand proof of its heavenly origin. But had the subject been ever presented clearly to their attention, would they not have promptly perceived, that a denial or a reserved scepticism, with regard to the gospel miracles, is *absolutely incompatible* with internal religion? The reason of the case lies within a very narrow compass. The New Testament would not have the characters, in its spirit and texture, of divine truth and beauty, if many of its main allegations were dexterous falsehoods. We are surprised at Dr. Bretschneider's apparent insensibility to this very obvious consideration; and that he, who is so profoundly acquainted with the history of theology, should overlook (if indeed he does overlook) the fact, that the pretence of the spiritual operation of Christianity was a grand artifice of the old English deists for disparaging its essential evidences. The Five Discourses of Woolston, and the younger Dodwell's "Christianity not founded on Argument," proceeded upon this designed and artfully managed fallacy. It would be well if, at the present time, attention were revived to Dr. Doddridge's Reply to the latter of those writings.

The long quotation which we are now about to introduce, is of peculiar interest and utility.

' This incompetence [in Mr. Rose] is further manifest from his defective acquaintance with the state of the German Theology since the year 1750. To understand and form a right estimate of this subject, it is essential to consider it in three points of view: the particular *Directions* which it has taken; the *Persons* who have given the impulse in those directions; and the kind or degree of *Acceptance* which their opinions and views have met with.

' I. If we were not to discriminate the different *Directions* which

the spirit, in some cases of inquiry, in others of doubt, in others of levity, has taken, but throw together every thing that deviates from the established creeds and ecclesiastical formularies, and brand it all as a "mass of wicked and destructive opinions,"—as a "mass of abominations,"—(these are the intemperate expressions of the English divine!)—then we should be guilty of great injustice, and prove ourselves grossly ignorant of Theology and Theological History. Even a superficial knowledge of that history, since the middle of the last century, shews us four widely different directions which the inquiries referring to Christianity have taken.

' i. There have been some who regarded all revelation taken together as nothing but superstition, Jesus as either a kind-hearted visionary or a wilful impostor, and Christianity as a mass of delusions; and who therefore reckoned themselves to be doing a meritorious deed, in endeavouring to undermine its influence and represent it in the most unfavourable light. Such were the followers of the English and French freethinkers; but of them, very few were found in Germany, and of those few, none of the clerical profession. Of this class, we may reckon the naturalist Wünsch, author of the book entitled *Horus*, and the lawyer Paalzow.

' ii. Those who endeavoured to advance natural religion at the expense of Christianity; who believed in the historical existence of Jesus Christ, but acknowledged no divine operation of any kind in Christianity; and who therefore supposed that they could account for the facts which they admitted in the life of Jesus, and for the origin of the Christian religion, in a purely natural way. They accordingly made the history of Jesus into a kind of romance, and put him among the members of secret societies. The holy scriptures they treated as merely human writings, which had been accidentally preserved, and which contain no real word of God. The principal persons belonging to this class were, one Charles Frederic Bahrdt, originally a clergyman, but deposed at an early period of his life; Reimarus, author of the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*; and Venturini, who wrote the *History of the Great Prophet of Nazareth*; but neither of the two latter were theologians. Probably also, Brennecke may be reckoned of this description.

' iii. A third and very different class is formed of those whom we usually call *Rationalists*. These look upon Christianity as a divine and beneficent institution, adapted for the greatest benefit [*or salvation, Heil*] of the world; Jesus they acknowledge to be a Messenger of divine providence; and in the holy scripture they believe that a real and eternal word of God is contained, which he will infallibly maintain and extend to the universal welfare of mankind. Thus they deny, in Christianity, any supernatural and miraculous operation of God. They make the design of Christianity to consist in the introduction, confirmation, and extension in the world, of the religion to which reason might reach; and therefore they distinguish in Christianity between the accessory and the essential, that which was local and temporary, and that which is of universal application and use. The reader will here recollect what was introduced at the beginning



of this pamphlet, out of Wegscheider's *Institutio Theologiæ Christianæ*, on Christianity and Revelation.\* To this class belong, of philosophers, Steinbart, Kant, and Krug; of divines, William Abraham Teller, Löffler, Thiess, Henke; and of living writers, J. E. C. Schmidt, De Wette, Paulus, Wegscheider, and Röhr.

iv. There has been and still is also a fourth class. These maintain the Bible and Christianity to be a divine revelation in a higher sense than the Rationalists, attributing it to *acts of God communicating divine knowledge* in modes different from his universal providence. But they carefully distinguish the successive periods of this divine manifestation: they rest the divinity of Christianity more upon its internal evidence than upon miracles; they accurately distinguish between the public creeds of any Church and the doctrine contained in scripture, and labour to bring those creeds into a more perfect accordance with the decisions of the divine word: with respect to reason and revelation, they maintain that there is such a relation as this; reason furnishes the proofs of revelation, and revelation cannot possibly contain any thing that is *contrary to* reason, though it may

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\* It is so important to withhold nothing which may contribute to give our readers correct information on this subject, that we shall transcribe the quotation from Dr. Wegscheider, which the Author had before introduced. 'Dubitari nequit quin, canone Novi Testamenti, Religionis Christianæ veritatisque divinæ per eam sanctæ documenta et antiquissima et fide dignissima contineantur.—Quæ quum ita sint, in institutione populari videndum omnique studio in eo elaborandum est, ut, remotis artificiosis illis conjecturis ac quæstionculis difficilibus et parum fructuosis, quæ circa revelationem ac librorum sacrorum inspirationem recentiori demum ætate prolatae sunt, Religionis Christianæ, sicut scripturæ sacræ origo in universum à Deo auctore derivetur, illiusque argumentum vere divinum in dies rectius intellectum, tanquam ab ipso Deo profectum ac verum verbum Dei, hominibus commendetur et ad vitæ usum transferatur.' 'It is an unquestionable fact, that, in the canonical books of the New Testament, are contained the authoritative documents of the Christian Religion, and of the divine truth which it declares; and that those documents are of the antiquity which they purport, and are perfectly worthy of credit.—This being the case, it is our duty, in conducting a system of religious instruction for mankind at large, to employ the utmost attention and pains, that, laying aside those far-fetched conjectures and questions, equally difficult and unprofitable, which have been brought up in later times, concerning revelation and the inspiration of the sacred books, we should evince that the Christian religion, as well as the Holy Scripture, originated in God as its author; and should urge upon men the truly divine contents of the Scriptures, which become constantly better understood, as what has proceeded from God and is the true word of God; and therefore should apply it to the practical use of life.' *Wegscheideri Instit. Theol. Christ. Dogmat.* § 36, 44.



contain much that rises *above* reason. This was the ground taken by Döderlein, Morus, and Reinhard; and is now held by Ammon, Schott, Niemeyer, Bretschneider, and others.

\* But Mr. Rose, extremely ignorant of the true state of the case, throws these views, so essentially different from each other, all into one class. In his account, it is all *Rationalism*, a mass of abominations, and of wicked and pernicious opinions. The author of Horus, Bahrdt, Basedow, Semler, Döderlein, Ammon, Paulus, Wegscheider, —all are with Mr. Rose merely “the party,” which he thinks it his duty to stamp as antichristian, immersed in daring scepticism, and thoroughly imbued with the principle that it is the essential privilege of the Lutheran Church to be “always at liberty to change its creed.” Well, indeed, might he apply to himself that which he says of the general unacquaintedness of the English with the scientific labours of the Germans: “The remarks which English writers too often make upon the German, are indeed disgraceful to us.”

\* II. Further, in order to form a correct judgement of the German Theology, it is requisite to discriminate accurately the *Persons* from whom each particular opinion has proceeded: but in this, Mr. Rose fails completely. He brings vouchers for his accusations against the German divines, not only from the writings of divines by profession, but from authors who were not divines at all, such as Bahrdt, Lessing, Reimarus, Basedow, Büsching, Kant, Krug, and others.

\* III. It is even of still greater consequence to attend to the *Acceptance* which this or that notion has acquired. That an erroneous or peculiar opinion has been brought forth or vindicated at some time, by some writer in any country, is by no means a sufficient reason for charging the body of divines of that country with holding wrong opinions. Were it so, there has never been a time or a church which would not be in the same condemnation: and, in this respect, England would hold the pre-eminence above all other nations, for there, it is undeniable, are found bodies of Unitarians, Quakers, Methodists, Independents, and a great number of Deists, to a degree scarcely known in any other land. Peculiar and erroneous opinions have been brought forwards at all times, not by laymen only, but by the professed teachers of religion. With such had Paul and John to contend in their time: and that glorious period of “the first Christian centuries,” which Mr. R. holds up to us as a model and a pattern, was notoriously the time when the teachers of Christianity had the severest contests with each other, and in which the greatest number of heresies originated. For the whole host of the Gnostic sects, and the Nazaræans, the Ebionites, the Patripassians, the Samosatrenians, the Sabellians, the Arians, and those who were denominated from various modifications of these parties; all belonged to that period: and yet, according to this writer, that period is “the surest and most unobjectionable testimony” to what is the real meaning of revelation! But, it is not the *introducing* of sentiments of any sort, (which could not be prevented without the most detestable tyranny over conscience, nor even with it, as the example of the Catholic Church proves,) that determines the character of an age; it is that only which is

maintained, which rises into general estimation, which is accepted with a considerable degree of universality into the current circle of opinions of any period, and which in this manner keeps its station and operates on the public mind. Of this, Mr. R. seems never to have thought. His plan, on the contrary, has been to make a collection of all the rash sallies of opinion and all the strange vagaries which have been brought forwards since the year 1750; to mix these, with a variety of other sentiments, good and bad, and with the actual progress of the age in knowledge, into one mass; and thus to serve up to his countrymen a hodge-podge, which he calls, in the lump, "a mass of pernicious and wicked opinions."

'Further; on this subject of the *Acceptance* which particular notions in theology meet with, there are some distinctions which are important to be observed.

'i. Rash speculations, conjectures, and learned hypotheses, which, as soon as they are promulgated and thoroughly examined, are rejected, and sink into forgetfulness. To this head belong the wild notions of the Horus, Bahrdt, Venturini, the attacks of the Wolfenbüttel Fragment-writers, which Döderlin especially refuted, Eck with his referring of the miracles to natural causes, and Brennecke with his supposition that Jesus lived twenty-seven years after his resurrection.

'ii. Many conjectures, doubts, and singular opinions of Semler, particularly on the Bible and the earliest writings of the Fathers, which were immediately met with the most decided public neglect or rejection; so that Mr. Rose's formal refutation of "these shocking hypotheses" is perfectly useless. To these must be added doubts which have been brought forwards concerning the genuineness of several of the New Testament writings; of which doubts none have remained current but that whether the Epistle to the Hebrews was the production of the Apostle Paul; and it should be recollected that the Primitive Church did not universally receive that epistle.

'iii. Certain hypotheses and views which for some time met with much acceptance and spread themselves widely; but which were also strongly controverted, so that at last they have been either completely set aside, or have at present only a small number of defenders. To this class belong, for example,—the treating of the Scriptures as a mere code of morals;—the endeavour to reduce them to a correspondence with certain modern opinions;—the Accommodation-hypothesis, in its widest extent; for some kind of accommodation must be allowed, upon the express authority of the Apostle Paul; [*see* 1 Cor. ix. 20—23. Gal. iv. 22—31.]—the explaining the miracles of Jesus upon natural principles;—Steinbart's theory of universal happiness;—objections to the doctrine of positive punishments;—and topics similar to these.

'iv. There is a class of sentiments which are approved, though by only the smaller number of theologians, which therefore are still subjects of controversy, and what we may denominate *under examination*. To this belongs the systematical Rationalism, as it is maintained by Röhr and Wegscheider.



' v. The sentiments which have obtained an apparent establishment, and are professed by the majority of divines. These are the principles of those who distinguish between the doctrinal systems of Church establishments and those of the Scriptures, and who are endeavouring to bring the former to the test and rectifying authority of the latter. Also, with respect to the Bible, they make distinctions; such as,—the Bible, and the word of God contained in the Bible;—the Old Testament, and the New;—that which referred to individuals, and that which is of universal design and application, a distinction which they consider as very important;—the religious ideas themselves, and the varying modes of representation under which the same ideas may be conveyed. This mode of conceiving of divine subjects, which is that followed by the theologians described above as the fourth class, and who with propriety call themselves the *Evangelical Divines*, is completely that which possesses the ascendancy, among the laity as well as among the clergy; and it is to be regarded as the decided result of the entire course of theological inquiry during the last eighty years.

' vi. On the other hand, the number of those who strenuously maintain the Established Ecclesiastical system, or who, like Marheinecke and Schleiermacher, avail themselves of that established order, as in some way or other the envelope of a philosophical system, is the smallest, and according to all appearances, is likely to continue such.

' vii. The class of blind zealots for every thing contained in the established creeds and confessions, however incapable of being proved from Scripture, and however contrary to reason: this class, which includes the public accusers and denouncers of all rational theology, is constantly becoming more and more insignificant, and must gradually become quite extinct.

' How apparent it now is, that whoever, like Mr. Rose, takes up these so extremely different views of theology, which have sprung out of such different minds, and which have met with so very different kinds of reception, throws them all into one pot, and then serves up this dish to his uninformed readers as the *Theology of Modern Evangelical Germany*.—may easily enough frighten the ignorant with a kettle of horrors like that of Macbeth's witches!' pp. 45—54.

For this discriminative arrangement, and for much valuable information connected with it, our thanks are due to Dr. Bretschneider; but there are questions of some importance, which, if we had the opportunity of interrogating him, we should be anxious to propose. Why does he class Eck's solution of the Scripture miracles with the rash speculations which have been long ago rejected; and yet, the same notion appears in his account of the Rationalists, on whom he confers so surprising a degree of his respect? Why does he say nothing of Michaelis, Dathe, Knapp, the elder Tittman, (to whose valuable writings he does indeed refer,) Storr, and



those divines whom Mr. Stapfer calls 'the illustrious school of Storr?' Why does he not vouchsafe a glance at the operations and influence of the Bible Societies, and their visible effects upon the state of public religion in Germany?—As incidental expressions sometimes tell more than elaborate speeches, we copy a few lines from an obituary of the Rev. J. L. Passavant, late pastor of the German Reformed Church at Frankfort on the Mayne; in a recent Number of the *Archives du Christianisme*. 'He perceived his approaching end. He rejoiced in the Lord with much faith and simplicity of mind, and his death was very edifying. Mr. Passavant belonged to the *Anti-Rationalist* school; or rather to the Christian Church, whose members look for salvation by the sacrifice of Christ, and not by their own works.' Does Dr. Bretschneider esteem this school of theology unworthy of a place in his classification?

In reference to a number of Mr. Rose's statements which are introduced with this kind of sanction,—'I have heard it from respectable persons,—I rely upon private information,—it is an undoubted fact,'—Dr. B. remarks:

'He who so egregiously exposes his indiscretion or his credulity, may be a very worthy man, but—he shews himself to be altogether unqualified to form a judgement upon a foreign country. We may be allowed to know something of our schools; but we are totally ignorant of there being any in which the Bible miracles are treated by the teachers "with the greatest contempt." Perhaps that may have been the case with some one known to Mr. R.'s friend, who is to him instead of all other witnesses. But if such had been the fact with regard to some two or even half a dozen schoolmasters, it does not follow that it still continues, and still less that it is generally so, and that it is an undoubted fact. As evidence of this unheard of assertion, [infusing infidel principles into the minds of children,] he adduces the allegation that, in Zerrenner's Guide for the Instruction of Young Persons before Confirmation, pure Unitarianism is inculcated; and that a friend (—again this *friend*, this familiar spirit, through whose coloured eye-glass Mr. Rose has taken a look at Germany!) had told him that he had seen more such Guides, in which even the Resurrection of Christ was treated as a tale. Thus, upon Zerrenner's Guide, and the declaration of his friend, does he ground the calumnious assertion, that the pastors in general throughout Lutheran Germany impart such unprincipled instruction in religion!—Such boundless levity does this writer shew in casting forth accusations and criminations, and branding a whole class of men as destitute of conscience and principle!—There are among us an endless multitude of Guides and Instructions for Confirmation: and Mr. R. merely looks into one,\* and finds that it does not lay down the Ec-

\* Mr. Rose's words are: 'The most moderate of all the printed

clesiastical theory of the Trinity, but only gives the passages of the Bible which relate to the Son and the Spirit of God ; and then, without hesitation, he charges it with Unitarianism ! It is a well-known fact, that almost every clergyman has his own printed or written Guide, for the instruction of young persons previous to Confirmation : and Mr. Rose has the unblushing boldness to pass his judgement upon them all, to condemn them all, notwithstanding his own confession, that he had only seen *one* of those books, and had only heard of others from a friend.

‘ But enough, to mark Mr. Rose as a man totally destitute of the impartiality, the materials of knowledge, the understanding, the caution, and the observation, to enable him to form a judgement upon the German theology ; a man who shews himself in every page to be one to whom no prudent and sensible reader can give credit. Surprising indeed it is, that Mr. R., in his zeal for doctrines, should be so forgetful of morals in his own conduct. That Saviour who is our Master, and the Master of Mr. R. and his friend too, says, “ Judge not, condemn not.” Paul writes : “ Who art thou that judgest another’s servant ? To his own Master he stands or falls.” Against these precepts Mr. R. has grievously sinned. He has picked up some loose and superficial remarks upon a foreign country of which he is almost totally ignorant ; he has opened his ear to the affectedly pious complaints of his manifestly very partial and unjust friend ; and now, upon these data, he hammers together a mass of accusations, groundless, full of inaccuracy and confusion, yet in the highest degree malicious, envenomed, and (if the civil rulers of Germany should give ear to him) most dangerous,—against the entire body of the Lutheran clergy in Germany ; and he has thrown it into the world as the trust-worthy result of his historical inquiries. No Christian would act so, who considers what is due to his brother in Christ, and what serious consequences may arise from public accusations and denunciations. We would intreat Mr. Rose to lay to his heart Luther’s Exposition of the 8th Commandment, (“ Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,”) in his Catechism, which our little children learn in the schools of Protestant Germany. It says, that we “ must not backbite our neighbour, nor raise false reports against him ; but speak well of him, and put the best construction upon things.” “ Love suffereth long, and is kind ; love doth not behave herself unseemly :” still less does she condemn without proof, without careful examination, without a sure ascertaining of facts.

‘ To Mr. Rose, as an Englishman, we grant our forgiveness for his inconsiderate defamation of so many estimable men, and of a

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Instructions for Confirmation, which I have happened to see, inculcate pure Unitarianism.’ p. 84. ‘ The friend who happened to have this by him, told me that he had seen several which went the full lengths of the school, and even treated the Resurrection as a fable.’ p. 162.

whole respectable order. An Englishman is easily satisfied with the form of a thing, even without the substance; and he imagines that the thing goes all to ruin, if the form is a little changed. A genuine Englishman believes that justice would go to the ground, if the judges and lawyers did not appear in court with their stiff roquets and robes and enormous periwigs, though nobody now dresses in so absurd a manner; he believes that the constitution would be overthrown, if the Lord Chancellor did not sit in parliament upon a wool-sack. So Mr. Rose thinks that religion is utterly ruined, if theology lays aside the stiff drapery of creeds and formularies; or if the Liturgy ceases to speak the language of the sixteenth century. So he forebodes the complete overthrow of the Church, if her teachers choose to sit on the seats of the Apostles, rather than on the chairs of the old divines. Human weakness has been ever prone to put its own conceptions about religion for religion itself, and to prophesy the destruction of the latter when any innovation has been made on the former. *The Christian Religion is in danger!* was the outcry successively against the Waldenses, the Hussites, the Wickliffites, and again at the time of the Reformation; and yet, it was only the form of the Catholic Church dominion that was in danger; not religion, which, on the contrary, by means of those Reformers, acquired a new figure and position, replete with blessings to mankind, and boundlessly extending her active influence; and she shone forth gloriously, in her new dress, suitable to the time. What a poor and feeble thing would divine religion be, if she could subsist only in a determinate kind of human representation, which the progress of time is continually altering! Then would she long ago have sunk in utter extinction. It is not given to men, to bind the Spirit of God in the letter of a liturgy or a creed. He is not held in the fetters of the councils and mass-rules of the Romish Church, nor in the Thirty Nine Articles and Liturgy of the English. But HE works, where his sovereign will pleaseth, through all forms, to sanctify the hearts of men. That sanctifying is the grand object. When we see that, even with those who variously separate from the creed of the great Ecclesiastical Establishments, the fruits of sanctification and a Christian life are found, we may make ourselves quiet, and spare crying fire. The Spirit of God will carry forwards the work of enlightening and sanctifying; and he will bring back the spirit of man, even where it has wandered, into the right path. May they be thus restored to peace, who have been disquieted by Mr. Rose, and by those who, like him, prophesy mischief!" pp. 61—66.

We must remark, with respect to the numerous citations which the Vindicator takes from Mr. Rose's Discourses, that we have verified those of them which we could find, with the English original; but that many of the smaller ones we have not been able to discover, and have consequently been obliged to translate them from Dr. Bretschneider, who appears to have taken them from the anonymous German version. Our readers,



Therefore, will not impute to Mr. Rose the precise words of every professed quotation from him.

Had we time and space, many reflections, which have presented themselves forcibly to our minds, we might submit to our readers: but we must suppress them.—“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.”—“Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we” (the inspired apostles) “have preached unto you, let him be accursed.” And this is the denunciation, not of man, but of God.

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Art. II. *Two Years in New South Wales*; a Series of Letters comprising Sketches of the Actual State of Society in that Colony; of its peculiar advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. &c. By P. Cunningham, Surgeon, R.N. In Two Volumes. Small 8vo. pp. 698. London. 1827.

WE want a substantial book about New South Wales; an abstract of voyages, travels, and surveys, with a well-digested appendix of results and estimates. There is a great deal of valuable information lying scattered about in the shape of letters, memoranda, and official reports, that might be made, by thorough sifting and judicious arrangement, highly attractive to the general reader, as well as important to individuals personally interested. The Public has had enough of crude compilation and sketches *ad captandum*: a work is now wanted that will answer, not merely the bookseller's purpose, but our own. It would be very practicable to make up, in this way, a couple of volumes, comprising all that is of much value, whether scientific or mercantile, connected with the continent and islands of Australia; and it is not much to the credit of our literary workmen, that the business has not yet been properly done. Mr. Wentworth's book was respectably executed, and is still, we believe, for want of a better, a sort of authority on the subject; but it is, after all, a desultory and inefficient production, nor will its lack of service be supplied by the volumes before us.

We scarcely know how to convey to our readers a precise notion of Mr. Cunningham's peculiarities as an author, except by a freer use of extract than we feel inclined to make. He is loose and rambling in composition and arrangement, and his merits as a reasoner and investigator are not particularly conspicuous; but he seems to have kept, what is called in slipshod phrase, a sharp look-out; he has something of a seaman's humour, though not of the raciest sort; and he tells his tale, if not elegantly or forcibly, in an intelligible and pleasant manner.

Mr. C. is not, however, an unprejudiced writer. He has, in common with many others of his class, a weak and ignorant antipathy to 'evangelical' sentiments, and bad taste enough to betray it. We give the following extract as a specimen of what passes with these gentlemen for pointed and polished sarcasm.

'The nasal twang generally current there (the United States), is doubtless derived from the Puritan ancestors of New England, who would

'Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge;  
Fat pig, and goose itself oppose,  
And blaspheme custard *through the nose*.

'The last-mentioned mode of disparagement may be said chiefly to arise from custard being too *profane* a word to pollute the mouth with; but even at the present day, this same twang is looked upon as a peculiar recommendation by the evangelicals.'

Our readers will, no doubt, admire the mingled wit, courtesy, and truth of this palpable hit. We would, however, suggest to Mr. Cunningham, that, although it may be very pleasant to a self-complacent person, to give himself the airs of a philosopher, and to look down from the heights of his abstraction on the foibles and follies of his fellow-men, there is something more to be done in the present case, than can be effected by the sneers of a vain man. We say nothing to him about the soul, its infinite worth, and its immortal destinies; but, as a mere instrument of civilization, when he has deprived us of a great moral agent, what has he to propose as its substitute? He will, we presume, concede to us, that Christianity, even in the obnoxious shape of Methodism, is something better than polytheism, and that it is more favourable to mental enlargement and social improvement, than the absurdities and horrors of idolatry. Now, taking the case only in this narrow and partial view, a man of right feeling would hesitate before he held up to ridicule a set of men whose aim it is to make their erring and ignorant fellow-creatures 'wise unto salvation;' and who, if they fail in that object, at least carry with them, in their comfortless and perilous sojourn among the heathen, the rudiments of civilization, and the evidences of a system of faith well adapted to the elevation of human character. It is precisely this 'evangelical' spirit which Mr. Cunningham treats with such levity, that leads the devoted missionary among savage and idolatrous tribes, and that is giving promise of permanent and extensive success. But his flippancy disgraces no one but himself; and he will find, in the event, that in taking

up the profession of *philosophe*, he has both mistaken his own *forte*, and ventured on an unprofitable speculation.

The British colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, appear to be making rapid advances in general prosperity. Mr. Oxley's discoveries have proved highly important, and the business of exploration has been extensively and successfully pursued. Large tracts of fertile and well watered country have been surveyed and allotted; while immense ranges of rich and highly timbered land remain for future settlers. Nothing, however, seems to have been ascertained respecting the interior of Australia since Mr. Oxley's expeditions; although the existence of a vast internal sea, as at one time generally supposed, appears to be exceedingly doubtful. The Macquarrie, indeed, was found by Mr. O. to terminate in an extensive marsh; but the current still continued, and the sudden fall of an inundation which had raised the level of that river very considerably, is rather in favour of an outlet. It is suggested in these volumes, that the *embouchure* is probably to be found in Van Diemen's Gulf, and that the Alligator river of Captain King may be the drain of the marshes formed by the expansion of the Macquarrie. This, however, is extremely uncertain; and we apprehend that the distance between the point where Mr. Oxley abandoned his navigation of the river, and the suggested termination, giving a course of not less than eighteen hundred miles, makes very strongly against the hypothesis, taking into account all the circumstances connected with the inclined plane along which the stream must in that case descend to the sea.

The general character of the colony, its agriculture, its commerce, its society, its produce,—all these are too well known to require from us an elaborate detail, which we could not make complete without referring to sources of a less superficial kind than those before us. One illustration of increasing wealth may be derived from the fact, that an active individual who kept a 'fashionable repository for ladies' dresses,' realized in six years, a sum of 12,000*l*. The following paragraph contains a brief chronology of the colony,

'The *first* landing was made on the 26th of January, 1788..... In December 1789, the *first* harvest was reaped at Paramatta: in 1790, the *first* settler, James Ruse, took possession of his land: in 1791, twelve prisoners were located upon the Hawkesbury, who, in 1793, supplied twelve hundred bushels of corn to the public stores, being the *first* purchase of colonial grain made by the government: in 1796, the *first* play was performed: in 1803, the *first* newspaper (Sydney Gazette) was printed;—and the *first* suicide occurred in the same year, by a man hanging himself in jail: in 1805, the *first* colonial



vessel was built by Mr. James Underwood: in 1806, the *first* great Hawkesbury flood happened, wheat rising to eighty shillings per bushel, and bread to 2s. 9d. per pound, while a bushel of seed-maize realised the enormous sum of 7l.: in 1810, was the *first* general muster of the population, stock, and cultivated land; in this year, too, the *first* toll-gates were built, caterpillars *first* made their appearance, Sydney streets were regulated and named, weekly markets established there, and the *first* public races instituted: in 1813, the *first* fair was held in the colony, at Paramatta: in 1817, the *first* bank (Sydney Bank) was established: in 1818, the *first* crim. con. case tried: in 1820, *first* colonial tobacco sold: in 1825, *first* book ("Bushby on Vineyards") reviewed (a premium for which review was given): in this year, too, the *first* breach of promise of marriage (Cox *versus* Payne) came before our colonial courts: and in 1826, the *first* public concert was held.\*

It is distressing to observe the readiness with which the natives in contact with our settlements, imitate and imbibe the vile qualities of the wretched men with whom they associate. They swear with habitual fluency, steal with consummate dexterity, lie with unblushing simplicity, and cheat with a rare combination of art and hardihood. In their habits, there is a strange and disgusting mixture of the cunning and ferocity of the savage, with some of the worst features of civilised blackguardism. They will occasionally, in their quarrels, have a regular *set-to*, in the best style of English pugilism; but their usual way of deciding differences is in the native fashion, by the *waddie* or club, the combatants alternately stooping the head to receive, without flinching, the adversary's blow, until one of them fall.

'As beggars, the whole world will not produce their match. They do not attempt to coax you, but rely on incessant importunity; following you, side by side, from street to street, as constant as your shadow, pealing in your ears the never-ceasing sound of "Massa, gim me a dum! massa, gim me a dum!" (dump). If you have the fortitude to resist *firmly*, on two or three assaults, you may enjoy ever after a life of immunity; but by once *complying*, you entail upon yourself a plague which you will not readily throw off, every gift only serving to embolden them in making subsequent demands, and with still greater perseverance. Neither are their wishes moderately gratified on this head, less than a dump (fifteen-pence) seldom proving satisfactory. When walking out one morning, I accidentally met a young scion of our black tribes, on turning the corner of the

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\* To these chronological notices might have been added, that, in 1817, was formed the Van Diemen's Land Bible Association, which has remitted, in ten years, not less than 2250l. to the Parent Institution in this country.

house, who saluted me with 'good morning, Sir, good morning;' to which I in like manner responded, and was proceeding onwards, when my dingy acquaintance arrested my attention by his loud vociferation of 'Top, Sir, I want to peak to you.' 'Well, what is it?' said I. 'Why, you know, I am your *servant*, and you have never paid me yet.' '\*\*\*\*\* you are,' responded I; 'it is the first time I knew of it, for I do not recollect ever seeing your face before.' 'Oh yes, I *am* your servant,' replied he, very resolutely, 'don't I top about Massa ——'s, and boil the kettle for you sometimes in the morning?' I forthwith put my hand in my pocket, and gave him all the halfpence I had, which I left him carefully counting, and proceeded on my walk; but, before advancing a quarter of a mile, my ears were again assailed with loud shouts of 'Hallo! top, top!' I turned round, and observed my friend in 'the dark suit' beckoning with his hand, and walking very leisurely toward me. Thinking he was despatched with some message, I halted; but, as he walked on as slowly as if deeming I ought rather to go to him than he come to me, I forthwith returned to meet him; but on reaching close enough, what was my astonishment on his holding out the halfpence in his open hand, and addressing me in a loud, grumbling, demanding tone with—'Why this is not enough to buy a loaf! you must give me more.' 'Then buy *half* a loaf,' said I, wheeling about and resuming my walk, not without a good many hard epithets in return from the kettle-boiler.'

The 'colonial-born' whites are described as 'a fine interesting race,' but resemble the natives of the United States, in their tall and slender figures, and want of complexional bloom; like them, too, the young women are subject to the early loss of teeth. This class and the English settlers have been for some time distinguished from each other by the respective names of *Currency* and *Sterling*; epithets given by a 'facetious paymaster' of the seventy-third regiment, at a period when the former bore a nominal equality, but real inferiority to the latter.

'It is most laughable to see the capers some of our drunken old *Sterling* madonnas will occasionally cut over their *Currency* adversaries in a quarrel. It is then,—'You saucy baggage, how dare you set up your *Currency* crest at me? I am *Sterling*, and that I'll let you know!'

Mr. Cunningham speaks in high terms of the present governor, General Darling;—we should have more confidence in his judgement and disinterestedness in this eulogy, if it had not been coupled with a compliment to Lord Bathurst. We trust, however, that it is correct, since it is of the highest importance to New South Wales, that its administration should be on liberal and enlightened principles. Nor is it less important that the old country should stand well with the new, since, sooner



or later, the latter will claim independence, and deal with her parent as the parent may have dealt with her. We cannot better prepare for such an event, than by laying the foundation of a long and lasting attachment between *Sterling* and *Cur-rency*; and this will be most effectually done by a just and fostering government, hastening on, indeed, the period of separation, but substituting for a distant and precarious control, a league of cordial and lasting amity.

Art. III. *The Petition and Memorial of the Planters of Demarara and Berbice, on the Subject of Manumission, examined: being an Exposure of the Inaccuracy of the Statements, and the Fallacy of the Views, on which they have proceeded in their recent Application to His Majesty in Council.* 8vo. pp. 72. Price 2s. London, 1827.

**I**N pursuance of the Resolutions adopted by Parliament in May 1823, on the subject of Slavery, his Majesty's Government introduced into Trinidad, by an Order in Council, a law to the following effect:—That, in case any slave shall be desirous to purchase his or her own freedom, or that of a wife, husband, child, brother, or sister, and the owner be unwilling to effect the manumission, or demand an excessive price; the Chief Judge shall cause an appraisement to be made, the owner, and the Protector of Slaves, each nominating an appraiser, and the Judge an umpire; and, the amount of such appraised value being paid, such slave shall be, to all intents and purposes whatsoever, *free*.

His Majesty's Government, having imposed the above law upon the Colony of Trinidad, required that it should also be adopted in Demarara and Berbice. With this requisition, the Court of Policy of Demarara positively refused to comply; and when threatened by Lord Bathurst with a peremptory enactment by royal authority, the planters presented a petition and memorial to his Majesty in council, in support of which they have since been heard by counsel. The matter at present remains for the final decision of the Government of this country, now in the hands of men to whom the friends of humanity look with confidence for an enlightened and vigorous prosecution of the system, reluctantly and tardily commenced by their predecessors.

In resisting the proposed plan of Manumission, the Memorialists maintain, that 'their *right of property in their slaves*' 'rests upon the very same foundation with every other description of property known to the law;' and that slaves are, in that colony, '*chattels*, as much as any other moveable property.'



That men should dare hold this language of their fellows, is a proof how slavery debases at once the master and his captive. What would a Mohammedan think,—what just scorn would he pour upon us, on learning that this was *Christian* law! Then why should not the right of property possessed by the swarthy Algerine in his Christian chattels, his white slaves, be as valid?—But the position is neither consistent with reason nor with law, not even Dutch law. A slave cannot be considered as mere property, *because he is a subject*. Wherever a government exists, the life of man has never yet been considered as so absolutely an article of private property, that it may be extinguished, like that of an ox, a horse, or a dog, at the pleasure of the owner. In the case of slaves, the law has always assumed a power of interference and control, founded upon the distinction which these slave-holders deny,—the eternal distinction between this species of property and every other.

‘No other description of property,’ it is forcibly urged in the tract before us, ‘no other chattel, has responsibilities inherent in it, and rights arising out of those responsibilities, similar to those which are inherent in the slave: for, though he be a slave, he has been born a subject of the Divine Government, answerable, in common with every human being, for his moral conduct. Every *British* slave is also a subject of the British crown, owing allegiance to him who wears it, bound to obey the laws, and amenable to trial and punishment for the breach of them. A slave, moreover, may be a Christian, a husband, a wife, a parent, a child; and in each of these relations, as well as in that of an accountable moral agent, and of a British subject, may possess responsibilities of the highest order, which he may be bound to fulfil, in preference to every other obligation whatever, and which his owner therefore may lawfully be compelled to respect. It cannot be, that the British and Christian owner of a slave can, *justly and legally*, be invested with any rights of property which are inconsistent with these inalienable responsibilities. It cannot be, that, under the British crown, any such alleged rights of property can exist, without a plain and palpable violation of those fundamental principles of law, which, however varied may be the form of their application, are essential to all British legislation. The assertion of such rights as these, by whomsoever made or whencesoever deduced, is an intolerable usurpation on the laws of God and the rights of human nature—on the rights of British sovereignty, and the fundamental principles of British jurisprudence.

‘The Petitioners and their Advocate have, therefore, clearly gone too far in the assertion of their unqualified right of property in slaves; and there must, of necessity, exist certain important limitations of that right, to which there is no parallel in the case of other descriptions of property.

‘The principle here contended for may be illustrated by what has

recently passed in respect to Trinidad. When it was first proposed by Lord Bathurst to the Planters of that Colony, that Sunday should be wholly relinquished to the slave, as his own right and property, and that equivalent time for the purposes to which his Sunday had hitherto, for the benefit of the owner, been applied, should be allowed him in its stead, the Colonists preferred a claim to compensation for what they alleged to involve a deterioration of their property, being an abduction of a portion of that labour which they had hitherto appropriated to their own use. His Lordship's reply to this claim was, that such a regulation as he proposed could give to the Planters no just claim for compensation. Whatever might be the master's right of property in the slave, the slave, his Lordship maintained, had also "*his rights*." The master was bound to feed his slave, either by an adequate allowance of provisions, or by giving him land and time to raise them. But Sunday was the *slave's* day, and could not be required by the master for *his own* purposes. That day, he therefore argued, must belong to the *slave entirely* for *his own* profit and advantage; and even where the master adopted the system of feeding his slaves, by allotting to them provision grounds, he could even then have no possible claim to the Sunday for the cultivation of such provision grounds, nor to any compensation for the requisite time during the six working days which he might appropriate to the slave in the lieu of Sunday for that purpose. And he added the expression of his hope, "that no Christian master would so far forget himself as to claim indemnity for what *his religion*" (the law of his God) "must have taught him he ought never to have required;" his Lordship, in short, thus pronouncing the practice to be a usurpation on the rights of our fellow creatures, and a violation of the divine law.' pp. 30, 31.

The term, owner, can scarcely be with propriety used in such a reference. No *man* can belong to an owner. The ox has its owner, but *Master* is the only proper correlative to either servant or slave. Waiving this, however, it may be admitted, that the planters have a vested interest in their slaves, which the Legislature is bound to respect. Recognizing this principle, it is not easy to conceive of any mode by which indemnity could have been more completely secured to the planter for the loss of his property in his slave, than that which the proposed plan of manumission secures. Nevertheless, it is vehemently resisted, as every other measure has been, which has had for its aim, to abolish either the trade in human flesh or the system of slavery. The objections made are of two kinds:—1. objections to the general policy of facilitating manumission; 2. the alleged insufficiency of the proposed indemnity. In the objections to the general policy, there is nothing but what has been a hundred times urged, and as often refuted; but, as every year accumulates fresh facts in refutation of the assertions, reasonings, and prognostics of the abettors of slavery, our readers will find in the present pamphlet, a highly interesting



and triumphant answer to the allegations of the Memorialists, which we strongly recommend to their attention. It forms, indeed, an epitome of the whole controversy.

One of the most formidable objections urged by the Memorialists, relates to the alleged impossibility of obtaining steady labour in the sun by any other means than coercion, or, in other words, of profitably cultivating West Indian produce by free labour. To this, it is replied, in the first place, that the climate of Hindostan lies in the same latitude, and is as oppressively hot, as that of our West India Colonies; and yet, it does not prevent the free natives from labouring steadily and assiduously, both in manufactures and in agriculture. In the tropical regions of South America, on the burning shores and in the valleys of Colombia, sugar and indigo are grown by means of free labour, and slaves are proved to be capable of becoming peasants, farmers, and landholders. In the island of Java, one of the hottest countries in the world, nine-tenths of the population are engaged in agriculture, and the sugar-cane is extensively cultivated. And if it be thought that the negroes of our West India colonies are alone, of all the various races of men, incapable of being excited to labour, except by coercion, happily, there is an enfranchised black population, subsisting by their own labour, sufficiently numerous to overthrow the baseless hypothesis.

‘What,’ it is remarked, ‘are the indications of industry which would be required of any class of men, in any part of the world?—Would it not be, that they were free from want, that they lived in comfort, and that they accumulated property? Now these tests of industry will be found to exist, generally, among the enfranchised population, not only of Demarara and Berbice, but of all the other West Indian Colonies.

‘That they are generally placed above want, appears from this, that though their number amounts to about 90,000, yet of that number only 227 appear to have received even occasional relief, as paupers, during the years 1821 to 1825, and these chiefly the concubines or children of destitute whites: while, of about 65,000 whites, in the same time, 1675 received relief. The proportion, therefore, of enfranchised persons receiving any kind of aid, as paupers, in the West Indies, is one in nearly 400; whereas the proportion among the whites of the West Indies is about one in forty; and, in England generally, one in twelve or thirteen, in some counties one in eight or nine.

‘There can be no doubt, therefore, that the enfranchised population of the West Indies are subsisted by their own efforts; and it is no less certain, that they obtain their subsistence without the necessity of resorting to the lowest and most degrading descriptions of employment. They are placed, in short, by their own unassisted exertions, above the necessity of engaging for hire in daily agricultural labour. In



whatever degree they may employ themselves, and employ themselves profitably, in cultivation on their own account, they are not driven to engage for hire in those plantation labours in which the slaves are now exclusively occupied. This fact is not only admitted by the Demarara Planters, but it is made the very ground on which they impute to the free negro a total want of industry. But may it not possibly be a proof of the elevation consequent on freedom, and of the industry, rather than the indolence of the enfranchised? They maintain themselves in independence, without submitting to the laborious, fatiguing, degrading, and deathful employment of the slave. And this is the charge against them! And not only do they subsist, but they subsist in comfort; and even accumulate wealth. And this they do, though pressed down by civil and political disabilities of the most discouraging kind; and, although the scope of their industry is narrowed, and its efforts are repressed, by cruel and invidious exclusions and distinctions. It even argues considerable energy and elasticity of character, that they should have at all surmounted the obstacles which have so sternly opposed their progress to comfort and wealth.

‘If any proof of this statement were wanting, it would be sufficient to cite the uncontradicted details, laid before Parliament, in the last Session, by Lord Harrowby, in the House of Lords, and by Dr. Lushington, in the House of Commons, respecting the state of the enfranchised population of Jamaica, being nearly a moiety of that of the whole of the British West Indies. Not only was no attempt made to contradict those details, but their truth was admitted by Mr. Palmer, himself a Jamaica Planter, and who had resided for a considerable time in that island. Uncontradicted admissions to the same effect might be cited from the discussions which have taken place, even in the Assembly of Jamaica, on the claims of the enfranchised inhabitants of that island to be relieved from their civil disabilities.

‘The Colony of Trinidad contains a still larger proportion of enfranchised persons than Jamaica. They outnumber by four to one the whites, and are outnumbered by the slaves in the proportion of only three to two. The whites are 3500, the slaves about 23,000, and the free blacks and people of colour, upwards of 15,000, some say 17,000. And what is the condition of these last? There is not a single pauper among them, not a single individual receiving aid from public charity. They live comfortably and independently, and nearly half of the property of the Island is said to be in their hands. There, it is admitted on all hands, that the enfranchised Africans and their descendants have long since emerged from barbarism, have become enlightened, have acquired wealth, are highly respectable in character, and are rapidly advancing in knowledge and refinement. Of these facts his Majesty’s Government are fully apprized.

‘In St. Lucia, the enfranchised part of the population is three times the number of the whites, and more than one-fourth of the number of the slave population. The Governor, General Mainwaring, distinctly states, that there is not a single pauper in this Colony. Mr. Jeremie, the Chief Justice of that Colony, thus expresses himself respecting them: “The emancipated negroes have been taxed with laziness; but

scarcely is a road opened, in any part of the country, but the borders are occupied by free settlers." He also combats the objections urged against affording facilities to manumission ; some of them the very same with those taken by the Demarara Planters. He argues strenuously for giving to slaves a right of property in land, that, when enfranchised, they may possess a domicile and land of their own to till. Much of the imputation on the industry of the free negroes, and of their alleged aversion to agricultural labour, he conceives to arise, either from their not being permitted to retain and pay rent for those provision grounds which they had cultivated with care as slaves, or from the great difficulty they experience, in consequence of the prejudice existing against their holding lands, in finding another spot and obtaining a sure title to it, where they may begin cultivation on their own account. The slaves, when manumitted, lose the land which had cost them so much trouble to cultivate. The masters, either from prejudice, or from some strange and unaccountable policy, instead of encouraging them to remain on the estate to which they might thus become attached, and where they would be ready to lend their assistance when wanted, it seems, expel them from it. If, however, they were permitted to continue to hold, when free, paying a small rent for it, the same spot of land they had previously improved, or were encouraged to have another prepared, to which they could remove, the ground, he conceives, for this charge of indolence would be taken away. He thinks it quite unlikely, in that case, that persons so shrewd as slaves are, by habit abstemious and frugal, fond of hoarding their earnings, will become less solicitous about money and wealth, when they can devote more time to amassing it, and when they hold it by a safer tenure.

' In Grenada, the enfranchised population is four times the number of the whites, nor is there one pauper among them.

' In June 1823, a petition was presented by this class to the Assembly of Grenada, affirming their loyalty and general good conduct, the largeness of their contributions to the revenue, and their importance to the defence and security of the Colony. They distinctly stated, that they possessed no small portion of the property in the Colony, and that, of the capital town in it, two thirds actually belonged to them. This petition was submitted to a Committee of the Assembly, and on their report the Assembly resolved, " that the free coloured inhabitants of these islands are a respectable, well-behaved class of the community, and possessed of considerable property in the Colony ;" and then followed some further resolutions in favour of their claims, which resolutions however do not appear to have been as yet acted upon.

' Now it might, without doubt, be said of the enfranchised negroes of Grenada, as of Demarara, that not a single individual among them had ever been known to employ himself in daily agricultural labour in the field for hire ; but would it be a fair inference from this fact, that their industry had been extinguished, or even impaired, by their manumission ? On the contrary, what more satisfactory proof of industry could possibly have been exhibited than the fact, that, slaves



as they or their parents had recently been, they were now living in comfort and independence, "respectable," "well-behaved," and "possessed of considerable property?" No explanation can possibly be given of this result, which does not involve both their capacity and willingness of exertion, and which does not prove that the enfranchised negroes of the West Indies are not wanting in industry. The only fact which is adduced in opposition to this conclusion is, that the free negroes do not work in the field of the plantations for hire; a fact which is admitted, but which is so far from proving a want of industry, that it does not even prove that they do not employ themselves industriously, extensively, and beneficially in agricultural pursuits on their own farms, or in other ways.' pp. 49—52.

Much has been said, in the Newspapers and elsewhere, of the agricultural code recently promulgated in Hayti, as affording an irresistible proof of the incurable indolence of the free negro. The misrepresentation upon which the argument is built, is fully exposed in the present able publication; and the worst severities of the Haytian Code are shewn to be 'but a mitigated imitation of the English law on the same subject.' We again invite the attention of our readers to a subject which ought never to be long absent from their thoughts, while slavery exists in a British colony and under a Christian government.

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Art. IV. *Rambling Notes and Reflections*, suggested during a Visit to Paris in the Winter of 1826, 1827. By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner. 8vo. pp. 348. Price 12s. London. 1827.

GRAVE men have sometimes been Ramblers, and when they appear before the Public in such a character, we expect them to be more excursive than discursive, and look only for pleasant light reading. Sir Arthur has certainly furnished a very agreeable volume, in which the grave is blended to a considerable degree with the gay, the lively with the severe and the caustic. His sole aim in publishing the volume, he says, has been, 'to turn the few opportunities which suggested his reflections, to some practical account in his own country.' He writes with freedom; and although we do not pledge ourselves to an entire agreement with all his opinions, it is impossible to peruse the volume without forming a very high estimate of his sound judgement, amiable feelings, independence of mind, and philanthropic motives. The Author is a member of the London College of Physicians, on behalf of which very unpopular body he takes up the cudgels, and defends them against the charges which have been somewhat freely brought against their present constitution and recent conduct: at the same time, he admits,



that the *administration* of the college might be rendered more *effective*, so as 'to secure its true objects, and the objects of its 'original foundation.' These remarks are suggested by the *Academie de Médecine*, and the circumstances which fell under our Author's observation in Paris. Into this subject, however, we are not disposed at this time to enter ;—'Throw physic to 'the dogs.' Sir Arthur can occasionally sink the M.D., as his title-page shews ; and in the character of the scholar, the gentleman, and a lover of music, he can be a very pleasant companion. As a specimen of the lighter materials of the volume, we take the following account of a visit to the musical veteran Pleyel, and to the den of Voltaire.

'Just returned from a long and interesting conversation with the celebrated Ignace Pleyel, a venerable old man of about seventy-four, very animated, of middle size and thin, with a head of hair as white as snow, and dark, intelligent, penetrating eyes. He received me in his own apartment with great kindness. I told him, my motive for taking the liberty of calling, was the pure satisfaction of seeing a composer to whom I had been indebted for a very large share of the enjoyment of my early life. The passport was admitted without a moment's hesitation, and he became all at once as affable as if we had been old acquaintances. When I complimented his compositions, he answered with a shrug of modest self-approbation, "*Mais, monsieur, ma musique est ancienne à présent.*" At the mention of Haydn, his eyes sparkled, and he spoke of him with enthusiasm. "Haydn," said he, "was the father of us all (*notre papa*)."  
He and Mozart monopolized all the genius of their age, and were among the last great masters who felt, and made others feel, that the end of music is to touch the heart. Beethoven, he allowed to be a man of first-rate talent, but on many occasions deficient in originality ; copying both his great predecessors, but especially plundering Mozart. He was quite of my opinion, that Beethoven has been the cause of generating the present vicious school of music-run-mad, by begetting a mania for imitating his abstruse and complicated harmonies, to the utter extinction of every thing like sentiment or air. At present, said he, "*il n'y a point de phrase.*" In place of this, the composer thinks he has "attained all," when he has exhausted his invention in producing every practicable combination of notes, and every imaginable transition from one key to another. Music, he continued, like other things, is subject to its revolutions ; and though her good genius droops for the present, the time must arrive, and that not perhaps far distant, when the phoenix will revive, and the world once more acknowledge the authority of the former school as it deserves. Handel, he spoke of with the veneration due to his apotheosis. That wonderful man, said he, anticipated every thing that is to be known in the art, and must be for ever new.

'He dwelt much on the modesty of Haydn, one of whose peculiarities it was, that he never could be brought to form the most distant

idea of his own merits; and this, he assured me, was not affectation, but pure, unsophisticated unconsciousness of having any thing to be proud of.

'As a further evidence of the decadence of public taste in regard to music, he told me, that there has not for years been known such a thing as a quartetto in a private house, from one end of Paris to the other. The prevailing rage for the last twenty years, has been for singing with pianoforte or harp accompaniment; one of the consequences of which is, that the first-rate professional violinists have deserted the fine school of Viotti, for airs with variations, tortured to worse than death, to suit the vitiated palate of the public, to whom difficulty and excellence have long been synonymous. Viotti, he considered not only as the greatest of all performers on the violin, but also as the choicest of all composers for that instrument. While I was making some observations on the last *morceau* Haydn ever wrote, to which the words "*Je suis faible et vieux*" were adapted by himself, he interrupted me by observing, he was present when he wrote it; and that attempting to compose a quick movement as a finale, after a long essay to propitiate the muse at the pianoforte, he at last owned, he was unable to find one idea ("*il ne pouvoit rien trouver.*") Times are altered, said the good old Haydn. When I was young, the ideas would come unsought: now, I am obliged to seek for them, and worse still, to seek for them in vain. It gave me great pleasure to hear this prime of my favourites spoken of with so much respect and enthusiasm by his last surviving, most intimate friend and pupil, and a person in every way qualified to form so just an opinion of his transcendent merits.—It was truly the *laudatus ab laudato.*' pp. 28—32.

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'Returned from viewing the house of Voltaire, and a more wretched picture of desolation cannot be imagined. The windows are kept closed, and seem as if they would fall to pieces. The canvas on the shutters is black and peeling off, and the iron bars of the deserted balcony appear not to have parted with one atom of the accumulated rust of forty or fifty years. Looking through a broken casement on the ground-floor, you get a melancholy peep into a chaos of rubbish, just discernible through darkness horrible, which leaves a very heavy weight upon the spirits;—at least, it did so on mine. Never, surely, was there a more *appropriate* monument: certainly nothing expressly monumental of stone or marble could, with the same effect, so emblematically represent the gloomy horrors of his desolating and dreary philosophy. Within a few doors, at a boutique of curiosities, was shewn me the identical writing-box, in which the philosopher of Ferney held his papers when he travelled; the impression of his seal and initials in wax being still distinct near the lock, with which he sealed it for greater security. Would only that this box, and all other depositories of his papers, had been true to their trust to the present hour! There was also a cabaret and breakfast service for tea and coffee, of Dresden china, which he brought from Prussia, after his memorable visit to Frederick. They were for sale; but, as I think



we already have too many mementos of the man at home, I had no fancy to add to the number by becoming a purchaser.' pp. 86, 87.

'There is hardly a habitation, however humble,' adds Sir Arthur, 'that I have yet been in, without its Voltaire, either in stone or plaster. In fact, he and Napoleon, struck me as the *diu penates* of the nation.' At the end of one of the principal saloons of the Royal Institute, is a statue of the arch-infidel in marble; the best, the Author says, that he had seen.

'The grim philosopher is represented sitting *naked*, with a mask lying at his feet. The sculpture was executed when he was very old; and it is impossible to conceive the decrepitude of age represented with a more horrible fidelity. The process of absorption seems carried to its utmost, while the prominent rods of veins and the flaccid remains of muscle, indicate the *ne plus ultra* of the ravages of time on a living carcass. The sardonic smile so characteristic of this extraordinary man, is more deeply marked than in any other statue I have seen. On the pedestal is inscribed: *A Monsieur Voltaire, par les Gens de Lettres, ses Compatriotes et ses Contemporaires, 1776.*'

pp. 187, 8.

Not the least interesting of these Notes and Reflections are those which relate to the present state of religion in France. We shall transcribe one or two of these.

'As a sample of the orthodoxy of the French clergy, I shall produce a passage from the work of their greatest divine, M. l'Abbé de la Mennais, the only man among the priesthood who has distinguished himself since the restoration. The work is entitled, "*Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de la Religion*," and displays a great deal of learning, both ancient and modern, and fully as much of the classics as the fathers: the book is in the seventh edition. On the subject of the evidences of our faith, the pious author cuts the Gordian knot of all difficulties, by the usual appeal to the interpretation of the church, the infallibility of which he takes as Q. E. D. The book commences with a distribution of heresy into three grand divisions; namely—

'I. That which denies the absolute authority of the church.

'II. Of revelation.

'III. And of God.

'As to the first, his words run as follow: "Dés qu'on refuse d'écouter l'église sur un point, il n'y a plus de motifs pour l'écouter sur aucun. Son autorité est indivisible comme son témoignage. Qui la recuse en partie, la recuse tout entier. N'importe ce qu'on croie, la foi des lors est éteinte: car au lieu de soumettre son jugement à la loi de vérité, on soumet la vérité à son jugement propre. Par là, on renverse tous les rapports de la société spirituelle; on fait de la raison, qui doit obéir, le pouvoir qui doit commander; on l'efforce de substituer la certitude d'évidence à la certitude de témoignage, et transformant ainsi la religion en pure opinion, l'on détruit le fondement des vérités mêmes qu'on retient." As one of the most approved specimens



of the present Catholicism of the French church, I hope the prolix quotation will be forgiven.' pp. 110, 11.

'I occupied myself in copying, during a deluge of rain, the following piece of orthodoxy in the church of St. Eustache. "Exercices de dévotion en l'honneur de la passion:" among which exercises was particularly specified, 'une exposition des reliques insignes de la passion à la vénération des fidèles, savoir la vraie croix, la sainte couronne d'épines, et le St. Clair!' At the bottom of this *affiche*, plenary indulgence was offered to all such as had performed forty hours of prayer and fasting. Just as I had finished copying, I narrowly escaped a very liberal affusion of holy water. In the act of turning round, I was faced by a man, who doubtless construed my proceeding into a very unequivocal proof of devotion; and at the same instant, charging a whisk in a font of the holy fluid, he had his arm raised ready to let fly, when I suppose something in my manner hinted that I was heretically unworthy; and he returned it to its place. The following is another notice of the same description, copied from a pious placard in the church of St. Jarvais:—"Il y aura une instruction sur le mystère de la passion de notre Seigneur. L'exercice sera présidé par Monseigneur Archevêque de Paris." Among other commendations of Monseigneur, bestowed on the piety of his flock, there is the following:—

"Vous avez résolu de ne répondre aux vains raisonnemens d'un sagesse superbe, que par la simple mais constante docilité d'un enfant de l'Eglise." In a catechism published by the said Archbishop, there is the following sentence relating to relics:—"On peut honorer les reliques des saints, parceque ces sont les précieux restes d'un corps qui a été le temple du Saint Esprit, et qui doit ressusciter glorieux." pp. 196, 7.

One of the most interesting institutions in Paris is the

'*Salpetrière*.—The number of epileptic, deranged, and superannuated women on the books of this gigantic-establishment at one time, averages five thousand! Those who are admitted on account of age, have usually reached their seventieth year; and there is really no comfort or accommodation necessary to render the last rugged remains of their earthly journey smooth, that is not supplied to them with a liberal hand. The saloons are spacious, airy, and clean; and the furniture and beds excellent. Nothing in the whole economy of this immense concern surprised me more than the exact arrangement with which all its operations, as of cooking, baking, washing, &c. were carried on. The enormous establishment down to its minutest details, moves with the punctuality of machinery; and the whole is crowned with a bountiful allowance of priests, doctors, and matrons, all lodged within the walls, and ready for business at the shortest summons. The old folk appeared really happy, and to be treated with a studied kindness and consideration. As many as are fit and able, are put to work at some branch of industry, such as spinning, knitting, and sewing; and the produce of their labour is applied to the charity. Independent of the benefit thus accruing to the Institution, it must be a

source of great comfort to the old people, to have it in their power to contribute something, however little, towards their maintenance, instead of being wholly a burden on the Public. I observed a great deal of admirable management in the care of the deranged. They, too, are employed in some sort of industry, which amuses, while it occupies and keeps them out of mischief, or from the irregular workings of a diseased imagination. I should strongly recommend the Salpêtrière to the notice of any commission which may be formed for obtaining information as to the mode of managing the insane. The system of coercion, as far as I could learn, is wholly supplanted by one of conciliation, i.e. so far as any general plan can possibly be made applicable to the ever-varying peculiarities of the disease.'

pp. 209—11.

These extracts will sufficiently serve as specimens of the Author's style and manner. As to his opinions, we shall only say, that they are well deserving of attention; but we must leave Mr. Brougham and Archbishop Magee to answer for themselves.

Art. V. 1. *Vestigia Anglicana*; or, Illustrations of the more interesting and debatable Points in the History and Antiquities of England: from the earliest Ages to the Accession of the House of Tudor. By Stephen Reynolds Clarke. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 914. Price 1*l.* 8*s.* London, 1826.

2. *Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster*, Historical and Biographical: embracing a period of English History, from the Accession of Richard II. to the Death of Henry VII. By Emma Roberts. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1168. London, 1827.

**T**HE various republications of our original historians which have recently appeared, seem to indicate a considerable change in the habits of literary men. Whether successful or not, in a mercantile view, to the full extent of the speculation, it is fair to conclude that, unless there had been a somewhat pressing demand, the reprint of works, in the language of *the trade* so 'heavy,' would not have been hazarded. It seems to have been found out, that an accurate knowledge of history is to be obtained only by recurrence to its sources, and that the modern imitators of the classical narrators, have been more solicitous about the secondary, than the primary qualities of historical composition. An opinion was, at one time prevalent, that our old chroniclers were unreadable but by Lelands and Hearnes, men of ponderous wits and strong digestion, and that they required, like the materials of the statuary, a great deal of chipping and carving, before they could be made to assume shape and symmetry. In part, this may be



true, and a little drilling will generally be found necessary, as the preparative to a genuine relish for the minute, gossiping, and somewhat prosing manner of the writers in question ; but any trifling annoyance of this kind will be amply compensated by the traits of character, the indication of costume, the illustration of manner, and the exhibitions of popular feeling and opinion, which are brought out in the course of this garrulous and inartificial style of communication. A thousand interesting facts and elucidations are struck out in this way, that would be consigned to entire oblivion by the trim writers of systematic story. The very prejudices, gross as they may be and glaringly displayed, of these honest antiques, are beyond all comparison more respectable than the affected impartiality and real hypocrisy of our modern annalists. We are made aware, at once, of their peculiar bias ; we are fairly put upon our guard ; and the very circumstance that in one case would completely invalidate a statement, becomes in the other the test and establishment of its truth. Moreover, when a separation is to be made of major facts from a mass of subordinate materials, we like to make the selection for ourselves. It may so happen, that the very principle on which the discrimination has been made, is at variance with all our views of rectitude, moral, political, or intellectual, and in such a case the result must be, to us at least, altogether worthless.

One effect of these reprints has been, the appearance of a considerable number of volumes, various in merit and importance, professing to elucidate different periods of our national history. The greater part of these we noticed as they appeared, and we have now to introduce two other works relating to the same general subject. As we have no temptation to engage in extended discussion in the present instance, we shall briefly point out the object and character of the publications before us, with as much from each, by way of sample, as may furnish some intimation of its style and spirit. Mr. Clarke has made a rather good hit in the construction of his work. He introduces three interlocutors, and by way of opening to the different sections of their investigation, places them in contact with some structure illustrative of the period to which their discussions refer. Stonehenge, for example, serves as a text for the history of the Aborigines of our island ; Dover Castle connects itself with the Roman invasion ; Salisbury Cathedral refers us to the Plantagenets ; and other well-chosen and well-described objects of a similar kind, are made use of as an appropriate induction to the various periods of English history. Without making any pretension to the highest honours of historical composition, the book is decidedly



well done, and may, with singular advantage, be put into the hands of young persons and general readers. The dialogue is by no means ill managed, and a considerable variety of incidental information is agreeably and effectively conveyed. A good general notion of the sources of our national history may be obtained from Mr. Clarke's comments; and we shall avail ourselves of one of these, to extract from it the following account of the Wandering Jew.

‘ Matthew Paris relates, that, in the year 1228, an Armenian prelate arrived in England, whose servant declared that his master had often entertained this singular personage at his table. Cartaphilus, for that was this Jew's name, when requested to explain his history, used to relate, that being keeper of the judgment-hall under Pontius Pilate, when Jesus passed out of the assembly, he struck him on the back with his hand, and deridingly said, “ Go, Jesus, quickly; why dost thou tarry?” But Jesus, with a severe countenance, replied, “ I go, but thou shalt tarry till I come.” And so, according to the word of the Lord, Cartaphilus yet waited. Whenever he attains his hundredth year, he is seized by an incurable infirmity, and snatched away in an ecstasy; on recovery, he finds himself restored to the same period of life, the age of thirty, at which he was at the passion. As the Christian faith spread abroad, Cartaphilus was baptized by Ananias, and took the baptismal name of Joseph; he dwelt in either Armenia, and in other regions of the east, living among bishops and prelates, a man of holy life and conversation, of few words, grave and circumspect, awaiting the second coming of our Lord with fear and weeping; many came to him from all parts of the world, to whose questions he readily answered, but refused their gifts, content with moderate food and clothing.

‘ Cartaphilus seems to have been a more ingenious impostor than some others who have appeared in the same character. In 1547, a person at Hamburgh gave out that he was the wandering Jew, and that at the time of the crucifixion he dwelt at Jerusalem, near the gate leading to Mount Calvary, calling himself Assuerus; he was by profession a shoemaker. Jesus, finding himself fatigued, was desirous of resting in his dwelling, but the Jew repulsed and struck the Saviour; from that moment he has wandered, and still continues to wander. Assuerus appeared about fifty years of age, of a good figure; but he seemed disconsolate, and groaned often. Another pretender appeared in London, at the close of the seventeenth century; but he was an arrant mountebank, and cured all diseases by the touch. He remembered all the apostles, described their features, the colour of their hair, and the clothes which they were accustomed to wear. He spoke various languages, had travelled in all countries of the world, and would continue to wander till the end of it. He was so well informed in general history, that people knew not what to think of him, and even the doctors of the university could not surprise him in any contradiction: he said there was no such thing as a true history in the world: he was particularly acquainted with Mahomet's father:

he was present when Rome was set on fire by Nero: he had seen Saladin, and related many particulars of Tamerlane and Bajazet. In what way he vanished from England, we have no notice; but the authors of the Turkish Spy relate that he re-appeared at Astracan, where he added the trade of prophecy to his other impostures.'

*Clarke, Vol. I. pp. 430, 431.*

Miss Roberts has produced two volumes of considerable interest and good discretion. Her style has not, indeed, much of the severity which is usually considered as the proper attribute of the historic muse. We have something too much of 'baby crowns,' 'splendid paths,' 'dazzling pages,' 'Paladins,' 'chivalry,' and so forth; as well as now and then an affected phrase, awkwardly introduced and occasionally of mistaken application; as, when Edward the Fourth is styled 'the royal Philanderer,' an epithet applicable, we presume, only to a whining sentimental dangler, and singularly inappropriate to a fierce and reckless libertine, gratifying his appetites at any cost, and little disposed to employ the sighing and sonneteering methods of courtship. Bating these venial transgressions, Miss Roberts appears to have consulted the best authorities, and to have availed herself of them with dexterity and discrimination. Her task was not an easy one. She had to disentangle the involvements of a confused and critical time; to keep distinct the progress of two lines of history, always collateral, frequently in contact, and sometimes merged in each other, and she has on the whole been successful in this very difficult achievement. She has intermingled much valuable illustration, and adorned the dry detail of events with many a rich and glowing description. We shall extract the account of the battle of Barnet 1471, between Edward the Fourth, and the celebrated Earl of Warwick.

'Warwick advanced to London, hoping either to find it still in the hands of the Lancastrians, or to surprise his enemy at the holy duties which the season enjoined. The active king, aware that his conquest must be perfected by the sword, was accurately informed of the enemy's approach; and withstanding all the temptation offered by his love of luxurious ease, resumed his armour, and marched out to meet and repel the foe. Edward's army only consisted of nine thousand men, for the people had grown cautious, and refrained from the open display of sentiments which might expose them to danger. The contending parties came in sight of each other late on Easter even, the scouts of both meeting in the town of Barnet, where, after a short skirmish, Warwick's outriders were beaten back. Edward passed through the town, and, covered by the darkness of the night, stationed his forces close to those of his adversary; but fortunately not within the range of their artillery, which kept up an incessant yet useless cannonade. Edward commanded his troops to maintain the most profound silence, that Warwick might be kept in ignorance of his



movements, and the dawn scarcely discovered his position to the enemy, a thick mist, attributed at the time to the magic arts of Friar Bungay a reputed sorcerer, obscuring both armies. Each were drawn up in three divisions, Warwick appeared at the head of the left wing, and entrusted the right to Montague and Oxford, whilst Somerset led the centre. Edward stationed himself between the Duke of Gloucester and Lord Hastings, to whom he gave the command of the right and left.

' The combat lasted for three hours, each side fighting with equal fury, and victory; for a considerable period, hung doubtfully upon the rival banners. In the midst of this bloody and remorseless strife, a fatal accident decided it in Edward's favour; he had taken for his cognizance a sun in full glory, and the retainers of the Earl of Oxford bore a star pale with rays. Warwick's men, mistaking the latter device for the badge of their enemy, fell upon their friends: surprised by the attack, and suspecting that they were betrayed by a treachery too frequent in the civil wars, they shouted "treason," and fled the field. Nothing remained to the Lancastrians save defeat and death. Warwick made a gallant attempt to rally the retreating host, and, plunging into the centre of the battle, fell covered with wounds. Montague shared the same fate, perishing, according to the statements of some writers, in open fight with the enemy, or, by the report of others, from the weapons of his own party, exasperated by the sight of Edward's livery, which he was preparing to assume. The Duke of Exeter was supposed to have perished also; but, though desperately wounded, life was not extinct, and discovered by his servants amidst the slain, they conveyed him at night to the nearest sanctuary. Oxford and Somerset escaped, and Edward left master of the field, gazed upon the lifeless body of Richard Nevill with triumphant exultation. The earl's late aggressions had obliterated the remembrance of all his former services, and neither party could regret the death of a man whose restless caprice had involved both in ruin. The perturbed spirit had fled. The king-maker lay upon the earth, a bloody corse. Edward's joy at the destruction of his enemy was damped by the loss of the Marquis of Montague, Warwick's brother: it is said of this amiable but unstable nobleman that the king loved him entirely, and that in consequence of his undiminished affection to his old companion in arms, he permitted burial to both the Nevills. They were exposed for three days in St. Paul's Church, with their faces uncovered, to convince the wondering world that its idol was now only dust; but no indignity was offered to the cold remains, they were committed, without suffering decollation, to their respective coffins, and interred together with great solemnity in the tomb of their ancestors, at Bilsam Abbey.

' Hall bears testimony to Edward's attachment to his early friend. "The common people said that the kynge was not so jocund nor so joyous for the destruction of the erle, but he was more sorrowful and dolorous for the death of the marques." pp. 504—7.

An interesting portrait of Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Henry VII. is prefixed to Miss R.'s first volume.



Art. VI. *The Pelican Island*, and other Poems. By James Montgomery. Fcp. 8vo. pp. xii. 264. Price 8s. London. 1827.

WE have been forestalled in our critical decision upon this delightful poem, and that in a quarter from which its Author could scarcely have looked for such warm and friendly plaudits. It is not our custom to borrow phrases from our contemporaries, or to let them take the lead in delivering their opinions upon matters so strictly within our jurisdiction as poetry, especially Christian poetry. But, on the present occasion, having been diverted by the Course of Time from our proper course, which would have led us to be the first to welcome the appearance of this magical island above the waters,—we are content to echo the sentence which has already pronounced this to be ‘the best of all Mr. Montgomery’s poems; in idea the most original, in execution the most powerful.’ We will not adopt the interpolated clause, timidly slipped in by the Editor’s pen, to qualify the boldness of the honest verdict,—‘although in both very imperfect.’\* Not that Mr. Montgomery or any body else is capable of producing a perfect poem; but the faults which the critic’s eye may detect, form no deduction from either the originality of the conception or the vigour of the performance, and might therefore have been thrown out of the account in characterizing the poem.

The subject of the *Pelican Island* was suggested by a short passage in Captain Flinders’s *Voyage to Terra Australis*, in which he describes one of those numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands. ‘Upon two of these,’ he says, ‘we found many young Pelicans unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the beaches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding-places: not only so, but, from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it should seem that, for ages, these had been selected for the closing scene of their existence. Certainly, none more likely to be free from disturbance of every kind could have been chosen, than these islets of a hidden lagoon of an uninhabited island, situate upon an unknown coast, near the antipodes of Europe; nor can any thing be more consonant to their feelings, if Pelicans have any, than quietly to resign their breath, surrounded by their progeny, and in the same spot where they first drew it.’

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\* Blackwood’s Magazine, Oct. 1827.

We know not whether Captain Flinders was aware, when he wrote these sentences, that they not only breathe the spirit of poetry, but are couched in the very language of imagination. That Pelicans could have no such feelings as are here ascribed to them, the Writer was well aware; but how they *would* feel, he judged from the human heart within his own bosom, transferring to them the natural sentiment of a wanderer amid such scenes of intense solitude, far from his native land, the scenes of infancy, and the graves of his fathers. The passage speaks, not obscurely, the fond wish of an affectionate heart yearning after the enjoyments of social converse and all that gives magic to the name of home. And the scene which he describes, is mirrored in that feeling far more distinctly than the pencil of the artist could represent it to us. We do not wonder that such a paragraph as this, striking upon the heart of a poet, should make it vibrate with corresponding emotion. But what living man except James Montgomery, could have turned 'a few words about pelicans' to such account? How many hundred eyes had glanced over Captain Flinders's description, without any such impression being received from the words! But to him, they were a mystic text, which the imagination alone could expound. This germ of thought, wafted by the winds from a distant hemisphere, quickened on coming in contact with the warm and rich soil of a Poet's fancy, and it has shot up and flowered with tropical luxuriance. A poem in nine cantos has risen,

' Line laid on line, terrace on terrace spread,  
By marvellous structure climbing tow'ards the day,'

like a coral island from the secret deep; each branching, radiating thought breeding other thoughts, yet not, like the insect architects, dying upwards,—the rough material still 'turning to adamant verse,'—till at length the Pelican Island has spread into a continent of beauty.

There are passages in this poem which every reader must admire, who is capable of receiving any pleasure from poetry as rich with pure and virtuous sentiment, as it is bright with sparkling fancies and musical in its flow. But we must not conceal the fact, that it is in a strain of poetry which it will require an exercise of the imagination in the reader to follow, and that only he who is a poet in feeling, will thoroughly enjoy it as a whole. The exercise of poetical imagination which is called for and pre-supposed by the Poet, is not, indeed, a higher effort than we have often delightedly put forth in the days of childhood, when, in reading Esop's Fables or Tales of the Genii, we have held converse with birds and beasts and

creatures of the element, and transfused our being, as it were, into all sorts of animal and spiritual forms, in endless transmigration. Nor is the illusion to which we are required to surrender ourselves, very different from that of which we are conscious in dreams, and by which we seem to escape from the laws of matter, and to exist as pure thought, with the ability to penetrate, without the slow medium of language, the thoughts of others. The power of reflecting our own consciousness upon things unintelligent and inanimate, and of inducing the material world with life and sensibility, is not only the essential principle of poetry, but the main source of the pure enjoyments derived from the contemplation of nature, and it forms a very principal element of the vivid pleasures of childhood. It is the privilege of real genius to carry on the feelings of the child into the powers of the man, and to renew at will those impressions and illusions of which, in our early days, we are almost involuntarily the subjects. But, in many persons, those finer sensibilities of which the sublime and the beautiful are the objects, having never been brought under cultivation, the imagination has scarcely been developed. In others, it becomes sluggish in after life, through the premature extinction of the warm sympathies of childhood; so that, though the imaginative pleasures of early life may be recalled with regret, yet, no analogous exercise of the mind, worthy of the man, and conducive to intellectual improvement, can now be made a source of pleasure. Some to whom, in their school-days, the perambulations of a Mouse, the story of the White Cat, or the romantic tales of Mother Bunch, were a fund of delight, may imagine that they have grown wiser, because, now, their imagination requires stronger excitement, and can be reached only through the passions. Poetry and nature, those twin sources of quiet, intellectual enjoyment to a well-strung mind, lose almost all their power in such cases; and the novel takes their place. To such persons, 'the life of a flower' or the course of a mountain spring, a white doe or these same pelicans, may appear themes absurdly insignificant and uninteresting. It may excite their loftiest surprise, that a man of sense should choose to employ the resources of his mind upon subjects of this nature. In the pride of their half-philosophy, they may look down upon the Poet as a mere trifler: it is one of the many ways in which men, professing themselves or affecting to be wise, become fools. These fables of the heart are replete with wisdom: they are, as Mr. Montgomery well expresses it, 'the masquerade of

' Truth severe in fairy-fiction drest.'



This exercise and play of the imagination, like that of every other faculty, is designed to minister at once to enjoyment and to the bettering of the heart. Our sympathies are so much influenced and regulated by imagination, that too generally when that decays, the heart grows cold. This does not, indeed, always follow, because there may be strong affections where there exists little sensibility or enthusiasm; and the influence of religion will soften as well as purify the heart. But, generally speaking, that sympathy with all things in nature, animate and inanimate, which is instinctive to the mind, and to which poetry makes its appeal, is a principle, if not virtuous, akin to virtue. It may run into excess or disease, and become superstition, pantheism, idolatry; but the present poem will triumphantly shew, that, under proper regulation, such an exercise of the faculties is not more exquisitely pleasureable than it is salutary, tending at once to refine and to expand the mind, and to connect it more closely by these finer links of thought to the works of the Creator.

Mr. Montgomery, in his first canto more especially, relies absolutely upon awakening this innate poetical sympathy in his reader, which, in the sequel, he gloriously rewards. The imaginary narrator, with whom the Author identifies himself, is a spirit, 'all eye, ear, thought.'

'What the soul

Can make itself at pleasure, that I was.'

The time at which this dream of existence opens, is antecedent to the formation of this habitable earth.

'Sky, sun, and sea, were all the universe;  
The sky, one blue, interminable arch  
Without a breeze, a wing, a cloud; the sun  
Sole in the firmament, but in the deep  
Redoubled, where the circle of the sea,  
*Invisible with calmness*, seemed to lie  
Within the hollow of a lower heaven.  
I and the silent sun were here alone,  
But not companions: high and bright he held  
His course; I gazed with admiration on him,—  
There all communion ended; and I sighed,  
In loneliness unutterable sighed,  
To feel myself a wanderer without aim,  
An exile amid splendid desolation,  
A prisoner with infinity surrounded.

'The sun descended, dipp'd, and disappear'd;  
Then sky and sea were all the universe,  
And I the only being in existence!  
So thought I, and the thought, like ice, and fire,  
Went freezing, burning, withering, thrilling through me.'

Darkness ensues ; the stars, from some unseen abyss, ' come  
' through the sky, like thoughts into the mind, we know not  
' whence ;' but with them, the spirit found no fellowship.  
Morning returns, but the glory had departed :—

—' I longed  
For some untried vicissitude : it came.  
A breeze sprang up, and with careering wing  
Played like an unseen being on the water.  
Slowly from slumber 'woke the unwilling main,  
Curling and murmuring, till the infant waves  
Leap'd on his lap, and laughed in air and sunshine.  
Then all was bright and beautiful emotion,  
And sweet accordance of susurrant sound,  
I felt the gay delirium of the scene ;  
I felt the breeze and billow chase each other,  
Like bounding pulses in my human veins,  
For, though impassive to the elements,  
The form I wore was exquisitely tuned  
To Nature's sympathies.'

Time flies on, and brings other changes in the grand phe-  
nomena of sky and sea ; but no life is seen throughout the  
fair expanse of creation, and the silent spectacle awakes the  
thought,

' O for the beings for whom these were made !'

The wish is gratified,—and nothing can be more exquisitely  
imagined than the passage which follows.

' Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,  
Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,  
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled.  
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,  
And moved at will along the yielding water.  
The native pilot of this little bark  
Put out a tier of oars on either side,  
Spread to the wafting breeze a two fold sail,  
And mounted up and glided down the billow  
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,  
And wander in the luxury of light.  
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour  
To me appear'd this lonely Nautilus,  
My fellow-being, like myself *alive*.  
Entranced in contemplation vague yet sweet,  
I watch'd its vagrant course and rippling wake,  
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

' It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing.  
While the last bubble crown'd the dimpling eddy,  
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,

A joyous creature vaulted through the air ;—  
 The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,  
 On long, light-wings, that flung a diamond shower  
 Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,  
 Sprang into light, and instantly descended.  
 Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,  
 Or mourn his quick departure,—on the surge,  
 A shoal of Dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,  
 Glow'd with such orient tints, they might have been  
 The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean  
 In that resplendent vision I had seen.  
 While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,  
 With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,  
 As though the conscious colours came and went  
 At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes,—  
 Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan  
 Look'd forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent  
 Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain  
 In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

' These were but preludes to the revelry  
 That reign'd at sunset : then, the deep let loose  
 Its blithe adventurers to sport at large,  
 As kindly instinct taught them ; buoyant shells,  
 On stormless voyages, in fleets or single,  
 Wherried their tiny mariners ; aloof,  
 On wing-like fins, in bow-and-arrow figures,  
 The flying-fishes darted to and fro ;  
 While spouting whales projected wat'ry columns,  
 That turned to arches at their height, and seemed  
 The skeletons of crystal palaces,  
 Built on the blue expanse, then perishing,  
 Frail as the element which they were made of :  
 Dolphins, in gambols, lent the lucid brine  
 Hues richer than the canopy of eve,  
 That overhung the scene with gorgeous clouds,  
 Decaying into gloom more beautiful  
 Than the sun's golden liveries which they lost :  
 Till light that hides, and darkness that reveals  
 The stars, exchanging guard, like sentinels  
 Of day and night,—transformed the face of nature.  
 Above was wakefulness, silence around,  
 Beneath, repose,—repose that reach'd even me.  
 Power, will, sensation, memory, fail'd in turn,  
 My very essence seem'd to pass away,  
 Like a thin cloud that melts across the moon,  
 Lost in the blue immensity of heaven.'

Thus splendidly closes the first canto. In the second, fresh wonders in the mighty deep disclose themselves ; and for a while, the feeling of sympathy is gratified by the contemplation



of the various forms of animate life ; but still, ' mind was not ' there.' At length,

' Another seal of nature's book was opened ;—'

and we cannot suppress the elaborate description of the formation of the Coral Island, which is destined to be the abode of the Pelicans.

' Here, on a stony eminence, that stood,  
Girt with inferior ridges, at the point,  
Where light and darkness meet in spectral gloom,  
Midway between the height and depth of ocean,  
I mark'd a whirlpool in perpetual play,  
As though the mountain were itself alive,  
And catching prey on every side, with feelers  
Countless as sunbeams, slight as gossamer :  
Ere long transfigured, each fine film became  
An independent creature, self-employ'd,  
Yet but an agent in one common work,  
The sum of all their individual labours.  
Shapeless they seem'd, but endless shapes assumed ;  
Elongated like worms, they writhed and shrunk  
Their tortuous bodies to grotesque dimensions ;  
Compress'd like wedges, radiated like stars,  
Branching like sea-weed, whirl'd in dazzling rings ;  
Subtle and variable as flickering flames,  
Sight could not trace their evanescent changes,  
Nor comprehend their motions, till minute  
And curious observation caught the clew  
To this live labyrinth,—where every one,  
By instinct taught, perform'd its little task ;  
— To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,  
From its own essence exquisitely modell'd ;  
There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,  
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,  
To frame new cells and tombs ; then breed and die,  
As all their ancestors had done,—and rest,  
Hermetically seal'd, each in its shrine,  
A statue in this temple of oblivion !  
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,  
With simplest skill, and toil unweariable,  
No moment and no movement unimproved,  
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,  
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound,  
By marvellous structure climbing tow'rd the day.  
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,  
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,  
By which a hand invisible was rearing  
A new creation in the secret deep.  
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them ;

Hence what Omnipotence alone could do,  
 Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,  
 The mausoleum of its architects,  
 Still dying upwards as their labours closed :  
 Slime the material, but the slime was turn'd  
 To adamant, by their petrific touch ;  
 Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,  
 Their masonry imperishable. All  
 Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,  
 By nice economy of Providence  
 Were overruled to carry on the process,  
 Which out of water brought forth solid rock.

' Atom by atom thus the burthen grew,  
 Even like an infant in the womb, till Time  
 Deliver'd ocean of that monstrous birth,  
 — A coral island, stretching east and west,  
 In God's own language to its parent saying,  
 " Thus far, nor farther, shalt thou go : and here  
 Shall thy proud waves be stay'd : " — A point at first,  
 It peer'd above those waves ; a point so small,  
 I just perceived it, fix'd were all was floating ;  
 And when a bubble cross'd it, the blue film  
 Expanded like a sky above the speck ;  
 That speck became a hand-breadth ; day and night  
 It spread, accumulated, and ere long  
 Presented to my view a dazzling plain,  
 White as the moon amid the sapphire sea ;  
 Bare at low water, and as still as death ;  
 But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface,  
 'Twas like a resurrection of the dead :  
 From graves innumerable, punctures fine  
 In the close coral, capillary swarms  
 Of reptiles, horrent as Medusa's snakes,  
 Cover'd the bald-pate reef : then all was life,  
 And indefatigable industry ;  
 The artizans were twisting to and fro,  
 In idle-seeming convolutions ; yet  
 They never vanish'd with the ebbing surge,  
 Till pellicle on pellicle, and layer  
 On layer, was added to the growing mass.  
 Ere long the reef o'ertopt the spring-flood's height,  
 And mock'd the billows when they leapt upon it,  
 Unable to maintain their slippery hold,  
 And falling down in foam-wreaths round its verge.  
 Steep were the flanks, with precipices sharp,  
 Descending to their base in ocean-gloom.  
 Chasms few, and narrow, and irregular,  
 Form'd harbours, safe at once and perilous, —  
 Safe for defence, but perilous to enter.

A sea-lake shone amidst the fossil isle,  
Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,  
With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

' Compared with this amazing edifice,  
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,  
What are the works of intellectual man?  
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres;  
Ideal images in sculptured forms,  
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,  
Fancies through every maze of beauty shown;  
Pride, gratitude, affection turn'd to marble,  
In honour of the living or the dead;  
What are they?—fine-wrought miniatures of art,  
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,  
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,  
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics,  
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime!  
—Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,  
Compared with these achievements in the deep,  
Were all the monuments of olden time,  
In days when there were giants on the earth:  
—Babel's stupendous folly, though it aim'd  
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,  
The play-thing of the world in infancy;—  
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,  
Built for eternity,—though, where they stood,  
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,  
And Desolation keeps unbroken sabbath;—  
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,  
Even when its "head of gold" was smitten off,  
And from a monarch changed into a brute;—  
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,  
Left by one tide, and cancell'd by the next:—  
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,  
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,  
Scatter'd by winds beyond the Libyan desert,  
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,  
And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,  
Where Memphis flourish'd, and the Pharaohs reign'd;—  
Egypt's gray piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,  
That have survived the language which they speak,  
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,  
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal;  
—Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,  
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,  
But puny ornaments for such a pile  
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,  
Fill'd with dry mummies of the builder-worms.'

In the third Canto, the bare coral reefs become transformed



by Nature's chemistry, to a beautiful island, rich in soil and seed, and populous with insect legions, pearl, gold, and purple, 'minute and marvellous creations.' Then,

'Silently rising from their buried germs,'

plants of superior growth, the fruitful cocoa, and fragrant palm, and spreading banian, lift their stately heads, till the wilderness is changed into a forest.

'All this appeared accomplish'd in the space  
Between the morning and the evening star.  
So, in his third day's work, Jehovah spake,  
And Earth, an infant, naked as she came  
Out of the womb of Chaos, straight put on  
Her beautiful attire, and deck'd her robe  
Of verdure with ten thousand glorious flowers,  
Exhaling incense; crown'd her mountain-heads  
With cedars; train'd her vines around their girdles,  
And pour'd spontaneous harvests at their feet.'

The development of reptile and amphibious life is then finely described; but, although the gradation in the scale of sentient existence is admirably preserved, the feeling of sympathy is suspended in that of wonder, as the tribes of creeping things pass in review, 'terribly beautiful,' or monstrous. Nothing can be more happily managed than the beautiful contrast presented by the succeeding picture.

'The vision of that brooding world went on;  
Millions of beings yet more admirable  
Than all that went before them, now appear'd;  
Flocking from every point of heaven, and filling  
Eye, ear, and mind with objects, sounds, emotions,  
Akin to livelier sympathy and love  
Than reptiles, fishes, insects, could inspire;  
—Birds, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean,  
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;  
In plumage, delicate and beautiful,  
Thick without burthen, close as fishes' scales,  
Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze;  
With wings that might have had a soul within them,  
They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment;  
—Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and colours,  
Here flew and perch'd, there swam and dived at pleasure;  
Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild  
And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves  
Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning,  
Or winds and waves abroad upon the water.  
Some sought their food among the finny shoals,  
Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon  
With slender captives glittering in their beaks;

These in recesses of steep crags constructed  
Their eyries inaccessible, and train'd  
Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers :  
Others, more gorgeously apparell'd, dwelt  
Among the woods, on Nature's dainties feeding,  
Herbs, seeds, and roots ; or, ever on the wing,  
Pursuing insects through the boundless air :  
In hollow trees or thickets, these conceal'd  
Their exquisitely woven nests ; where lay  
Their callow offspring, quiet as the down  
On their own breasts, till from her search the dam  
With laden bill return'd, and shared the meal  
Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape ;  
Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings,  
She felt how sweet it is to be a mother.  
Of these, a few, with melody untaught,  
Turn'd all the air to music within hearing,  
Themselves unseen ; while bolder quiristers  
On loftiest branches strain'd their clarion pipes,  
And made the forest echo to their screams  
Discordant,—yet there was no discord there,  
But temper'd harmony ; all tones combining,  
In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,  
To tell of joy, and to inspire it. Who  
Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus ?  
Not I ;—sometimes entranced, I seemed to float  
Upon a buoyant sea of sounds : again  
With curious ear I tried to disentangle  
The maze of voices, and with eye as nice  
To single out each minstrel, and pursue  
His little song through all its labyrinth,  
Till my soul enter'd into him, and felt  
Every vibration of his thrilling throat,  
Pulse of his heart, and flutter of his pinions.  
Often, as one among the multitude,  
I sang from very fulness of delight ;  
Now like a winged fisher of the sea,  
Now a recluse among the woods,—enjoying  
The bliss of all at once, or each in turn.' pp. 45—48.

The canto closes with an incident, such as sometimes breaks in upon the monotonous course of Nature's ceaseless operations in the deep solitudes of Tropical forests,—unwitnessed by human eye, and recorded only by the scattered trophies of desolation. This paradise is laid waste by a hurricane, and the growth of centuries is, in one dark hour, hewn down, and swept away.

The fourth canto introduces us to the new tenants of the renovated isle, the Pelicans, upon whom the Author has put

### Montgomery's *Pelican Island*.

forth all the powers of his imagination and all the ardour of his feelings. They occupy the centre and foreground of the poem, and are worthy of it, for they are forms of perfect beauty, to which the mind again and again reverts, as to something unearthly,—the rightful sovereigns of the scene; all that goes before, being as it were the aerial perspective of the landscape, and all that follows their departure, dark and shadowy. The description is much too long for extract, but we must make room for a portion of it.

‘ Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapt  
Their van-broad pinions, streak’d their ruffled plumes,  
And ever and anon broke off to gaze,  
With yearning pleasure, told in gentle murmurs,  
On that strange land, their destined home and country.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘ Love found that lonely couple on their isle,  
And soon surrounded them with blithe companions.  
The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed  
A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,  
That waved in lights and shadows o’er the soil.  
There, in sweet thralldom, yet unweening why,  
The patient dam, who ne’er till now had known,  
Parental instinct, brooded o’er her eggs,  
Long ere she found the curious secret out,  
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.  
Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,  
Tamed by the kindly process, she became  
That gentlest of all living things—a mother;  
Gentlest while yearning o’er her naked young,  
Fiercest when stirred by anger to defend them.  
Her mate himself the softening power confess’d,  
Forgot his sloth, restrain’d his appetite,  
And rang’d the sky and fished the stream for her.  
Or, when o’erwearied Nature forced her off  
To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,  
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,  
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,  
While the plump nestlings throb’d against his heart,  
The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;  
Yea, half unwillingly his post resign’d,  
When, home-sick with the absence of an hour,  
She hurried back, and drove him from her seat  
With pecking bill, and cry of fond distress,  
Answer’d by him with murmurs of delight,  
Whose gutturals harsh to her were love’s own music.  
Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave,  
White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,  
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed;



And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,  
Her crowded progeny quite fill'd the nest,  
The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind  
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,  
—Nor dreams the halcyon of serener days,  
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,  
Than, in that hour, the mother Pelican,  
When the warm tumults of affection sunk  
Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,  
—Dreams more delicious than reality.  
—He sentinel beside her stood, and watch'd,  
With jealous eye, the raven in the clouds,  
And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.  
Woe to the reptile then that ventured nigh;  
The snap of his tremendous bill was like  
Death's scythe, down-cutting every thing it struck.  
The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peep'd  
Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers,  
But paid the instant forfeit of his life;  
Nor could the serpent's subtlety elude  
Capture, when gliding by, nor in defence  
Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

‘ Erelong, the thriving brood outgrew their cradle,  
Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the pools;  
No sooner denizens of earth than made  
Free both of air and water; day by day,  
New lessons, exercises, and amusements  
Employ'd the old to teach, the young to learn.  
Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them,  
The Sire and Dam in swan-like beauty steering,  
Their Cygnets following through the foamy wake,  
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,  
Or catching at the bubbles as they broke:  
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,  
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,  
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,  
To fish in troubled waters, and secure  
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;  
Then hurry with their banquet to the shore,  
With feet, wings, breast, half-swimming and half-flying.  
But when their pens grew strong to fight the storm,  
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,  
The Parents put them to severer proof:  
On beetling rocks the little ones were marshall'd;  
There, by endearments, stripes, example, urged  
To try the void convexity of heaven,  
And plough the ocean's horizontal field.  
Timorous at first they flutter'd round the verge,  
Balanced and furl'd their hesitating wings,  
Then put them forth again with steadier aim;

Now, gaining courage as they felt the wind  
Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames  
With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,  
They yielded all their burthen to the breeze,  
And sail'd and soar'd where'er their guardians led ;  
Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,  
They search'd the deep in quest of nobler game  
Than yet their inexperience had encounter'd ;  
With these they battled in that element,  
Where wings or fins were equally at home,  
Till, conquerors in many a desperate strife,  
They dragg'd their spoils to land, and gorged at leisure.

‘ Thus perfected in all the arts of life,  
That simple Pelicans require,—save one,  
Which mother-bird did never teach her daughter,  
—The inimitable art to build a nest ;  
Love, for his own delightful school, reserving  
That mystery, which novice never fail'd  
To learn infallibly when taught by him :  
—Hence that small master-piece of Nature's art,  
Still unimpair'd, still unimprov'd, remains  
The same in site, material, shape, and texture.  
While every kind a different structure frames,  
All build alike of each peculiar kind :  
The nightingale, that dwelt in Adam's bower,  
And pour'd her stream of music through his dreams ;  
The soaring lark, that led the eye of Eve  
Into the clouds, her thoughts into the heaven  
Of heavens, where lark nor eye can penetrate ;  
The dove, that perch'd upon the Tree of Life,  
And made her bed among its thickest leaves ;  
All the wing'd habitants of Paradise,  
Whose songs once mingled with the songs of Angels,  
Wove their first nests as curiously and well  
As the wood-minstrels in our evil day,  
After the labours of six thousand years,  
In which their ancestors have fail'd to add,  
To alter, or diminish, any thing  
In that, of which Love only knows the secret,  
And teaches every mother for herself,  
Without the power to impart it to her offspring :  
—Thus perfected in all the arts of life,  
That simple Pelicans require, save this,  
Those Parents drove their young away ; the young  
Gaily forsook their parents. Soon enthral'd  
With love-alliances among themselves,  
They built their nests, as happy instinct wrought  
Within their bosoms, wakening powers unknown,  
Till sweet necessity was laid upon them ;  
They bred, and rear'd their little families,

As they were trained and disciplin'd before.

' Thus wings were multiplied from year to year :  
And ere the patriarch-twain, in good old age,  
Resign'd their breath beside that ancient nest,  
In which themselves had nursed a hundred broods,  
The isle was peopled with their progeny.'

In the fifth canto, the unexhausted opulence of the Author's descriptive powers is lavished upon other forms of winged life. Flamingoes in their crimson tunics, the fierce sea-eagle, the stormy petrel, and the cormorant, are introduced as sharing the domain of the Pelicans, and reaping harvests inexhaustible

' In the prolific furrows of the main ;  
Or from its sunless caverns brought to light  
Treasures for which contending kings might war,—  
Gems for which queens would yield their hands to slaves,—  
By them despised as valueless and nought :  
From the rough shell they picked the luscious food,  
And left a prince's ransom in the pearl.'

A description of the nursery of the brooding Pelicans, and the dormitory of their dead, closes this canto.

' It was a land of births.—Unnumber'd nests,  
Of reeds and rushes, studded all the ground.  
A few were desolate and fallen to ruin ;  
Many were building from those waste materials :  
On some the dams were sitting, till the stroke  
Of their quick bills should break the prison-shells,  
And let the little captives forth to light,  
With their first breath demanding food and shelter.  
In others, I beheld the brood new-fledged,  
Struggling to clamber out, take wing and fly  
Up to the heavens, or fathom the abyss.  
Meanwhile the parent from the sea supplied  
A daily feast, and from the pure lagoon  
Brought living water in her sack, to cool  
The impatient fever of their clamorous throats.  
No need had she, as hieroglyphics feign,  
(A mystic lesson of maternal love,)  
To pierce her breast, and with the vital stream,  
Warm from its fountain, slake their thirst in blood,  
—The blood which nourish'd them ere they were hatch'd,  
While the crude egg within herself was forming.

' It was a land of death.—Between those nests,  
The quiet earth was feather'd with the spoils  
Of aged Pelicans, that hither came  
To die in peace, where they had spent in love  
The sweetest periods of their long existence.  
Where they were wont to build, and breed their young,  
There they lay down to rise no more for ever,



And close their eyes upon the dearest sight  
 On which their living eyes had loved to dwell,  
 —The nest where every joy to them was centred.  
 There rife corruption tainted them so lightly,  
 The moisture seem'd to vanish from their relics,  
 As dew from gossamer, that leaves the net-work  
 Spread on the ground, and glistening in the sun;  
 Thus, when a breeze the ruffled plumage stirr'd,  
 That lay like drifted snow upon the soil,  
 Their slender skeletons were seen beneath,  
 So delicately framed, and half transparent,  
 That I have marvell'd how a bird so noble,  
 When in his full magnificent attire,  
 With pinions wider than the king of vultures',  
 And down elastic, thicker than the swan's,  
 Should leave so small a cage of ribs to mark  
 Where vigorous life had dwelt a hundred years.' pp. 78--80.

Here, Wordsworth would have left us, could he have brought us so far, to meditate and moralize with the Pelicans for ever in the midst of the wild Pacific. Not so our Poet, to whom this Coral Island is only a vantage-ground from which he sets forth anew on a bolder flight. The islands, moving like circles upon water, expand and unite into a continent. The pageant universe upon which the Spirit had been gazing, has fled away with all its isles and waters, and he finds himself

'Translated to that other world,  
 By sleight of fancy, like the unconscious act  
 Of waking from a pleasant dream, with sweet  
 Relapse into a more transporting vision.'

Animals, 'of tribes and forms unknown in the lost islands,' are now passed in review before us, as before Adam in Paradise, but in order to be characterized by other attributes than those which *then* belonged to their nature;—except, indeed,

'Calm amid scenes of havoc, in his own  
 Huge strength impregnable, the elephant  
 Offended none, but led his quiet life  
 Among his old contemporary trees,  
 Till Nature gently laid him down to rest  
 Beneath the palm.'

But unintelligent creation soon fails to delight; the spirit sighed to meet a kindred spirit; and at length, we are conducted up to man.

'Amidst the crowd of grovelling animals,  
 A being more majestic stood before me;  
 I met an eye that look'd into my soul,

And seem'd to penetrate mine inmost thoughts.  
 Instinctively I turn'd away to hide them,  
 For shame and quick compunction came upon me,  
 As though detected on forbidden ground,  
 Gazing on things unlawful : but my heart  
 Relented quickly, and my bosom throb'd  
 With such unutterable tenderness,  
 That every sympathy of human nature  
 Was by the beating of a pulse enkindled,  
 And flash'd at once throughout the mind's recesses ;  
 As in a darken'd chamber, objects start  
 All round the walls, the moment light breaks in.  
 The sudden tumult of surprise awoke  
 My spirit from that trance of vague abstraction,  
 Wherein I lived through ages, and beheld  
 Their generations pass so swiftly by me,  
 That years were moments in their flight, and hours  
 The scenes of crowded centuries reveal'd ;  
 I sole spectator of the wondrous changes,  
 Spell-bound as in a dream, and acquiescing  
 In all that happen'd, though perplex'd with strange  
 Conceit of something wanting through the whole.  
 That spell was broken, like the vanish'd film  
 From eyes born blind, miraculously open'd ;—  
 'Twas gone, and I became myself again,  
 Restored to memory of all I knew  
 From books or schools, the world or sage experience ;  
 With all that folly or misfortune taught me,—  
 Each hath her lessons,—wise are they that learn.  
 Still the mysterious revery went on,  
 And I was still sole witness of its issues,  
 But with clear mind and disenchanted sight,  
 Beholding, judging, comprehending all ;  
 Not passive and bewilder'd as before.

• What was the being which I then beheld ?  
 Man going forth amidst inferior creatures :  
 Not as he rose in Eden out of dust,  
 Fresh from the moulding hand of Deity ;  
 Immortal breath upon his lips ; the light  
 Of uncreated glory in his soul ;  
 Lord of the nether universe, and heir  
 Of all above him,—all above the sky,  
 The sapphire pavement of his future palace :  
 Not so ;—but rather like that morning star,  
 Which from the highest empyrean fell  
 Into the bottomless abyss of darkness ;  
 There flaming only with malignant beams  
 Among the constellations of his peers,  
 The third part of heaven's host, with him cast down

To irretrievable perdition,—thence,  
 Amidst the smoke of unilluminated fires,  
 Issuing like horrid sparks to blast creation :  
 —Thus, though in dim eclipse, before me stood,  
 As from a world invisible call'd up,  
 Man, in the image of his Maker form'd,  
 Man, to the image of his tempter fall'n ;  
 Yet still as far above infernal fiends,  
 As once a little lower than the angels.  
 I knew him, own'd him, loved him, and exclaim'd,  
 “ Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Brother !  
 Hail in the depth of thy humiliation ;  
 For dear thou art, amidst unconscious ruin,—  
 Dear to the kindest feelings of my soul,  
 As though one womb had borne us, and one mother  
 At her sweet breasts had nourish'd us as twins.” ’

It has been objected, that these lines, and the description of savage human nature which follows, suddenly oppress with disagreeable reality, a poem which has been, thus far, a vision of pure delight. It is not denied, that this and the next canto contain some most powerful and striking poetry ; but the fancy, which has hitherto been soothed and beguiled with the glorious scenery of the material world and the varied forms of animal life, shrinks back from contact with the severity of truth. A similar objection might as reasonably be urged against *Paradise Lost*, which ought, according to this criticism, to have terminated before Eve, in evil hour, reached forth her hand to the tree of knowledge, and plucked. Mr. Montgomery's readers must be left to form their own judgement of the *effect* of this transition ; but confident we are, speaking as critics, (and still more, we might add, judging and feeling as Christians,) that it cannot be charged upon the Poet as a fault. Why, in conducting us through the wide range of nature's history, was he to stop short, in the midst of the ascending scale, and leave unexplained and unsatisfied the mysterious sympathy

‘ Which nothing but humanity could fill,  
 by forbearing to touch upon ‘ the proper subject of mankind,’ the proper theme of the poet,—man ? And under what view could man be so properly contemplated in such a reference, as in that state of nature in which he approaches nearest to the beasts of the field, forming the lowest link of moral being ; that unsophisticated state in which philosophers and poets have delighted to imagine him pure and good ? And, if the fact be otherwise, and truth require that all this pomp of poetry should serve but to usher in the moral catastrophe, why should this



alliance of tragic circumstance with scenic beauty, be objected to, even on the score of taste, when the very same mixture and contrast of all that is fair in physical nature, and all that is dark, and terrific, and calamitous in moral agency and human destiny, has, in every age, interested and delighted the lovers of poetry? We are at a loss to understand how any one, who would not wish to be thought insensible to the severe beauties of the Greek Tragedians, could support such a criticism upon this feature of the present poem. And surely, no admirer either of Crabbe or of Byron, could consistently object against the disagreeable reality of this view of man.

The moral of the whole description and the design of the contrast are forcibly conveyed in the following lines.

‘ Thus, what the sires had been, the sons became,  
And generations rose, continued, went,  
Without memorial,—like the Pelicans  
On that lone island, where they built their nests,  
Nourish’d their young, and then lay down to die.  
Hence, through a thousand and a thousand years,  
Man’s history, in that region of oblivion,  
Might be recorded in a page as small  
As the brief legend of those Pelicans,  
With one appalling, one sublime distinction,  
(Sublime with horror, with despair appalling,)  
—That Pelicans were not transgressors ;—Man,  
Apostate from the womb, by blood a traitor.  
Thus, while he rose by dignity of birth,  
He sunk in guilt and infamy below  
Creatures, whose being was but lent, not given,  
And, when the debt was due, reclaim’d for ever.  
O enviable lot of innocence !  
Their bliss and woe were only of this world :  
Whate’er their lives had been, though born to suffer  
Not less than to enjoy, their end was peace.  
Man was immortal, yet he lived and died  
As though there were no life, nor death, but this.  
Alas ! what life or death may be hereafter,  
He only knows who hath ordain’d them both ;  
And they shall know who prove their truth for ever.’

pp. 136, 7.

If, in these two cantos (the seventh and eighth), the Author is more didactic than in the former parts of the poem, and there is less to delight the imagination, in no part does the man beam through the poet with so much warmth and energy. In these, it is evident, that ‘ the poet’s lyre’ has been the ‘ poet’s heart ;’ as, when, speaking still in the character of the imaginary narrator, but with no feigned feeling, he exclaims :

' I could not bear  
The doubt, fear, horror, that o'erhung the fate  
Of millions, millions, millions,—living, dying,  
Without a hope to hang a hope upon.'

The gloomy picture is not, however, wholly without relief; and had not our extracts already been so copious, we should have cited, as one of the most beautiful passages in the poem, the concluding lines of the seventh canto, in which Mr. Montgomery adverts to that most cheering and delightful truth, the salvation and blessedness of the millions rescued from this world in infancy.

From the sad and terrific contemplations which occupy the seventh and eighth cantos, we are summoned, in the ninth, to witness, in the person of an aged chieftain, the actings of a powerful mind blindly 'feeling after God,' if haply he might find him.

' O 'twas a spectacle for angels, bound  
On embassies of mercy to this earth,  
To gaze on with compassion and delight,—  
Yea, with desire that they might be his helpers,—  
To see a dark endungeon'd spirit roused  
And struggling into glorious liberty,  
Though Satan's legions watch'd at every portal,  
And held him by ten thousand manacles !'

This is, in some respects, the most interesting part of the poem : it is a beautiful and philosophic narrative. It has been supposed, strangely enough we think, to be allegorical, and as an allegory, it has been thought perplexing and unsatisfactory. To us it seems the simple delineation, if not of an historical fact, yet, of a very probable and by no means ideal process of thought and feeling in the mind of such an individual. If it be fictitious, it is nevertheless true. Such cases must have occurred; and, indeed, we have heard of instances strictly analogous to the one described; the design of which is to shew,

' How near by searching man might find out God.'

We cannot detach any part of this narrative from the connexion in which it occurs, without injuring the effect; but we must make room for the conclusion of the whole poem, in which the Author gives a half-pledge, which, we trust, he will live to redeem, to continue and complete his parable.

' Here end my song; here ended not the vision :  
I heard seven thunders uttering their voices,  
And wrote what they did utter; but 'tis seal'd

Within the volume of my heart, where thoughts,  
 Unbodied yet in vocal words, await  
 The quickening warmth of poesy, to bring  
 Their forms to light, like secret characters,  
 Invisible till open'd to the fire;  
 Or like the potter's paintings, colourless  
 Till they have pass'd to glory through the flames.  
 Changes more wonderful than those gone by,  
 More beautiful, transporting, and sublime,  
 To all the frail affections of our nature,  
 To all the immortal faculties of man;  
 Such changes did I witness; not alone  
 In one poor Pelican Island, nor on one  
 Barbarian continent, where man himself  
 Could scarcely soar above the Pelican:  
 —The world as it hath been in ages past,  
 The world as it now is, the world to come,  
 Far as the eye of prophecy can pierce;—  
 These I beheld, and still in memory's rolls  
 They have their pages and their pictures; these,  
 Another day, a nobler song may show.

' Vain boast! another day may not be given;  
 This song may be my last; for I have reach'd  
 That slippery descent, whence man looks back  
 With melancholy joy on all he cherish'd;  
 Around, with love unfeign'd, on all he's losing;  
 Forward, with hope that trembles while it turns  
 To the dim point where all our knowledge ends.  
 I am but one among the living; one  
 Among the dead I soon shall be; and one  
 Among unnumber'd millions yet unborn;  
 The sum of Adam's mortal progeny,  
 From Nature's birth-day to her dissolution:  
 —Lost in infinitude, my atom-life  
 Seems but a sparkle of the smallest star  
 Amidst the scintillations of ten thousand  
 Twinkling incessantly; no ray returning  
 To shine a second moment, where it shone  
 Once, and no more for ever:—so I pass.  
 The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent,  
 As I go down into the vale of years;  
 For the grave's shadows lengthen in advance,  
 And the grave's loneliness appals my spirit,  
 And the grave's silence sinks into my heart,  
 Till I forget existence in the thought  
 Of non-existence, buried for a while  
 In the still sepulchre of my own mind,  
 Itself imperishable:—ah! that word,  
 Like the archangel's trumpet, wakes me up  
 To deathless resurrection. Heaven and earth



Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me,  
Must think for ever ; that which feels must feel :  
—I am, and I can never cease to be.

‘ O thou that readest ! take this parable  
Home to thy bosom ; think as I have thought,  
And feel as I have felt, through all the changes,  
Which Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought,  
While centuries swept like morning dreams before me,  
And thou shalt find this moral to my song :  
—Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be :  
What then are time, life, death, the world to thee ?  
I may not answer ; ask eternity.’ pp. 164—167.

We have left ourselves no room for any criticism. If our readers have not already found it out, it can be of little use for us to tell them, that this poem contains some of the most exquisitely modulated blank verse in the language. We congratulate Mr. Montgomery upon his having shaken himself free from the shackles of rhyme, and shewn us what he can do in this loftier style of composition—the full diapason of verse. Of the minor poems in the volume, we need say but little. One of the most beautiful of them, the *Daisy in India*, has already appeared in our pages. The following original and striking lines may be given as highly characteristic of their Author.

#### ‘ QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

- ‘ Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom ?  
—We strew thy pathway to the tomb.  
‘ Stars, wherefore do ye rise ?  
—To light thy spirit to the skies.  
‘ Fair Moon, why dost thou wane ?  
—That I may wax again.  
‘ O Sun, what makes thy beams so bright ?  
—The Word that said,—“ Let there be light.”  
‘ Planets, what guides you in your course ?  
—Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.  
‘ Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame ?  
—My Maker call'd me, and I came.  
‘ O Light, thy subtile essence who may know ?  
—Ask not ; for all things but myself, I shew.  
‘ What is yon arch which every where I see ?  
—The sign of omnipresent Deity.  
‘ Where rests th' horizon's all embracing zone ?  
—Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, his throne.  
‘ Ye clouds, what bring ye in your train ?  
—God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain.

- ' Winds, whence and whither do ye blow ?  
 —Thou must be born again to know.
- ' Bow in the cloud, what token dost thou bear ?  
 —That Justice still cries, "*strike*," and Mercy, "*spare*."
- ' Dews of the morning, wherefore were ye given ?  
 —To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.
- ' Rise, glitter, break ; yet, Bubble, tell me why ?  
 —To shew the course of all beneath the sky.
- ' Stay, Meteor, stay thy falling fire !  
 —No, thus shall all the host of heaven expire.
- ' Ocean, what law thy chainless waves confined ?  
 —That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.
- ' Time, whither dost thou flee ?  
 —I travel to Eternity.
- ' Eternity, what art thou,—say ?  
 —Time past, time present, time to come—to *day*.
- ' Ye Dead, where can your dwelling be ?  
 —The house for all the living ;—come and *see*.
- ' O Life, what is thy breath ?  
 —A vapour lost in death.
- ' O Death, how ends thy strife ?  
 —In everlasting life.
- ' O Grave, where is thy victory ?  
 —Ask him who rose again for me.'

We can make room for only another, and it must be the  
 stanzas

' ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT.

- ' Here lies a bulb, the child of earth,  
 Buried alive beneath the clod,  
 Ere long to spring, by second birth,  
 A new and nobler work of God.
- ' 'Tis said that microscopic power  
 Might through its swaddling folds descry  
 The infant image of the flower,  
 Too exquisite to meet the eye.
- ' This, vernal suns and rains will swell,  
 Till from its dark abode it peep,  
 Like Venus rising from her shell,  
 Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.
- ' Two shapely leaves will first unfold,  
 Then, on a smooth elastic stem,  
 The verdant bud shall turn to gold,  
 And open in a diadem.

- ' Not one of Flora's brilliant race  
A form more perfect can display ;  
Art could not feign more simple grace,  
Nor nature take a hue away.
- ' Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,  
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,  
The tulip's petals shine in dew,  
All beautiful,—but none alike.
- ' Kings, on their bridal, might unrobe,  
To lay their glories at its foot ;  
And queens, their sceptre, crown, and globe,  
Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.
- ' Here could I stand and moralize ;  
Lady, I leave that part to thee.  
Be thy next birth in Paradise,  
Thy life to come, eternity.'

In our last Number, we had to perform, unconsciously, the melancholy office of awarding the meed of praise and gratulation to one who had gone beyond the reach of human plaudits, his life having passed away in the blaze of his genius. It gives us no small pleasure to know, that the Author of the volume now before us, yet lives to witness the fruit of his labours, and to enjoy, what he has so nobly earned, the almost universal tribute of admiration and esteem from his contemporaries, in ample compensation for the atrocious attempt at literary assassination and the discreditable neglect in other quarters, to which he was exposed in the earlier part of his career. The present volume must raise him as a poet in the public estimation: nay, we will even confess, that it has done so in our own. In other respects, it will not, because it cannot, raise him in the esteem of those who are acquainted with his writings, and through them, as a faithful mirror, with the character of the man. It makes us think better of society, when we find that neither political prejudices nor sectarian jealousies can do more than arrest for a time the proper and natural course of public opinion; that they cannot ultimately prevent justice being done, even here, to those who, by persevering continuance in the noblest exertions, seek for glory, honour, and immortality. As we have already taken the liberty of adverting to the very able critical paper on Mr. Montgomery's poetry, which has appeared in a contemporary Journal, we feel irresistibly impelled to commit the further irregularity of transcribing from it, in conclusion of this article, the handsome and honourable testimony borne by the unknown but accomplished critic, to the character of the Author, more especially as a religious poet.



' Mr. Montgomery is a religious poet. His popularity, which is great, has, by some scribes of the above stamp and school, been attributed chiefly to the power of sectarianism. He is, we believe, a sectary; and if all sects were animated by the spirit that breathes throughout his poetry, we should have no fears for the safety and stability of the Established Church. For in that self-same spirit was she built, and by that self-same spirit were her foundations dug in a rock. Many are the lights—solemn and awful all—in which the eyes of us mortal creatures may see the Christian dispensation. Friends, looking down from the top of a high mountain, on a city-sprinkled plain, have each his own vision of imagination—each his own sinking or swelling of heart. They urge no inquisition into the peculiar affections of each other's secret souls—all assured from what each knows of his brother, that every eye there sees God—that every tongue that has the gift of lofty utterance, will sing his praises aloud—that the lips that remain silent, are mute in adoration—and that all the distinctions of habits, customs, professions, modes of life, even natural constitution and form of character, are, if not lost, blended together in mild amalgamation under the common atmosphere of emotion, even as the towers, domes, and temples, are all softly or brightly interfused with the huts, cots, and homesteads—the whole scene below harmoniously beautiful, because all inhabited by beings created by the same God—in his own image—and destined for the same immortality.

' It is base, therefore, and false, to attribute, in an invidious sense, any of Mr. Montgomery's fame to any such cause. No doubt many persons read his poetry on account of its religion, who, but for that, would not have read it; and, no doubt, too, many of these neither feel nor understand it. But so, too, do many persons read Wordsworth's poetry on account of its religion—the religion of the woods—who, but for that, would not have read it; and so too, many of these neither feel nor understand it. So is it with the common manners-painting poetry of Crabbe—the dark passion-painting poetry of Byron—the high romance-painting poetry of Scott—and so on with Moore, Coleridge, Southey, &c. &c. &c. But it is to the *mens divinior*, however displayed, that they all owe their fame. Had Mr. Montgomery not been a true poet, all the Religious Magazines in the world would not have saved his name from forgetfulness and oblivion. He might have flaunted his day like the melancholy Poppy—melancholy in all its ill-scented gaudiness; but as it is, he is like the Rose of Sharon, whose balm and beauty shall not wither, planted on the banks of "that river whose streams make glad the city of the Lord."'

\* \* \* \* \*

' A few words, and but a few, we must say about Mr. Montgomery's numerous smaller poems.

' They are all stamped with the character of the man. Most of them are breathings of his own devout spirit, either delighted or awed by a sense of the Divine goodness and mercy towards itself, or tremblingly alive, not in mere sensibility to human virtues and joys,

crimes and sorrows, for that often belongs to the ~~dim~~ and depraved, but in solemn, moral, and religious thought, to an of good or evil befalling his brethren of mankind. "A sparrow cannot fall to the ground"—a flower of the field cannot wither immediately before his eyes—without awakening in his heart such thoughts as we may believe God intended should be awakened even by such sights as these; for the fall of a sparrow is a scriptural illustration of his providence, and his hand framed the lily, whose array is more royal than was that of Solomon in all his glory. Herein he resembles Wordsworth—less profound certainly—less lofty—for in its holiest hours the divine spirit of Wordsworth walks by itself—unapproachable—on the earth it beautifies. Mr. Montgomery's poetical piety seems, more prevalent over his whole character, to belong more permanently to the man. Perhaps, although we shall not say so, it may be more simple, natural, and true. More accordant, it certainly is, with the sympathies of ordinary minds. The piety of his poetry is far more Christian than that of Wordsworth's. It is in all his feelings, all his thoughts, all his imagery; and at the close of most of his beautiful compositions, which are so often avowals, confessions, prayers, thanksgivings, we feel, not the moral, but the religion of his song. He "improves" all the "occasions" of this life, because he has an "eye that broods on its own heart;" and that heart is impressed by all lights and shadows, like a river or lake, whose waters are pure, pure in their sources, and in their course. He is, manifestly, a man of the kindest home-affections; and these, though it is to be hoped, the commonest of all, preserved to him in unabated glow and freshness, by innocence and piety, often give vent to themselves, in little hymns, and ode-like strains, of which the rich and even novel imagery shews, how close is the connexion between a pure heart and a fine fancy, and that the flowers of poetry may be brought from afar, nor yet be felt to be exotics—to intertwine with the very simplest domestic feelings and thoughts, so simple, so perfectly human, that there is a touch of surprise on seeing them capable of such adornment, and more than a touch of pleasure on feeling how much that adornment becomes them—brightening without changing, and adding admiration to delight—wonder to love.'

*Blackwood's Magazine*, No. cxxxi. pp. 497—501.

Art. VII. 1. *Narrative of Don Juan van Halen's Imprisonment in the Dungeons of the Inquisition at Madrid, and his Escape in 1817 and 1818*; to which are added, his Journey to Russia, his Campaign with the Army of the Caucasus, and his Return to Spain in 1821. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 896. London, 1827.

2. *The History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the Time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand VIIIth.* Composed from the original Documents of the Archives of the Supreme Council, and from those of subordinate Tribunals of the Holy Office. Abridged and translated from the original Works of D. Jean Antoine Llorente. 8vo. pp. 603. Price 15s. London, 1826.

FROM the announcement of the 'Narrative,' as prepared for the press by the Author of 'Don Esteban' and 'Sandoval,' we were, at first, induced to consider it as fictitious; but on further examination, we have found no reason for retaining that impression. The work has all the appearance of both authenticity and genuineness. Names and circumstances are brought forward in a way that is quite inconsistent with any other supposition; and provision is made for our yet more intimate acquaintance with the Author, by the introduction of his portrait in a splendid military costume. We shall, therefore, assume that these volumes are, what they profess to be, the fair and accurate detail of adventures, extraordinary, indeed, but true, and strikingly illustrative of a state of things that has long been growing worse from day to day, and seems at length to bid defiance to all melioration but by a process that will make little distinction between the injurious and the salutary, in its indiscriminating warfare against existing institutions. When oppression reaches its height, there is no remedy but revolution; a cure which would be as bad—worse it cannot be—as the disease, but that its effects are variable and transient, while the evils of despotism are permanent. Of all kinds of bondage, that in question is the worst, and in its darkest form; since other captivities can affect only the body, while the tyranny of priests not only chains and racks the limbs, but fetters and distorts the mind. Hell has not, upon earth, a more fit and awful emblem or agent than the papal Inquisition; and the works before us shew plainly that, although its exercise may be somewhat restrained and modified, its spirit is not extinct, nor its machinery thrown aside as useless. We strongly recommend to all those who may wish to obtain correct and unexaggerated notions respecting the real character of that infernal institution, the perusal of the very judicious abridgement of Llorente. In May 1820, we gave a full and favourable review of the original, and, after a rather extensive comparison



of the four volumes with their English representative, we are disposed to give the latter high praise as a skilful and satisfactory compendium, though we cannot quite coincide with the prefatory intimation, that little or nothing has been excluded but that which was found to be uninteresting or unillustrative. Neither can we approve of attaching to the preface, without the slightest hint of its non-occurrence in the original work, a very strange and improbable statement, having all the appearance of a newspaper fabrication, and unauthorized by reference or signature.

‘ The following fact shews, that the inquisitors of our own days do not fall below the standard of those who followed the fanatic Torquemada. \* \* \* \* was present when the Inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the orders of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was : some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the crime of which he was accused.

‘ One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be death by the *Pendulum*. The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows : —the condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back ; suspended above him is a *Pendulum*, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer ; at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on, until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the holy office in its mercy ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy, or ensuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the Secret Tribunal, A.D. 1820!!!’

It is true that this touch of the horrific only appears in a note, but it has no countersign to distinguish it as an addition. It is also right to say, that we are not acquainted with any edition of Llorente subsequent to the second, published in 1818, and that we have not the opportunity of referring to his memoirs of the Spanish Revolution. The thing, however, has such a German aspect, and is so unlike the usual manner of the worthy Canon of Toledo, that we have no hesitation in rejecting it. This is, we admit, a slight matter, and we do not mention it with the design of impairing, in the smallest degree, our general and decided recommendation, but as a suggestion that, in the very probable event of a second edition, the tale should be either authenticated or dismissed. Having, in a former instance, given a sufficient criticism and analysis of the work, in its original state, we shall limit ourselves to this ex-

pression of cordial approbation of its present form, and pass on to the narrative of the Spanish patriot.

Juan Van Halen, born in the Isle of Leon, February 16, 1790, was engaged, at a very early age, in the naval service of Spain, and after having taken part in the battle of Trafalgar, obtained, with the rank of lieutenant, the command of a gun-boat attached to the flotilla of Malaga. He was concerned in the insurrection of Madrid against the French, and subsequently joined the army of General Blake. He was one of the garrison of Ferrol when it surrendered to Soult, and 'readily submitted to take the oath' of allegiance to king Joseph. We are not sitting in judgement on Don Juan's character, and we have consequently no concern with his political delinquencies, but we really must say, that he displayed about this period a somewhat questionable versatility of principle, which has been, we are quite willing to believe, amply atoned for by his after steadiness. He became 'an officer 'of ordnance,' to the intrusive king, and when the court was compelled to abandon Spain, followed Joseph to France. Availing himself of the amnesty published by the Spanish Government, he returned to his native country, and having contrived to procure 'a copy of the French general-in-chief's seal,' a scheme was devised by the Spanish commanders,

'to effect, by means of supposed orders and capitulations, the evacuation of the fortified places occupied by the French on the other side of the Llobregat, on the ramparts of which waved a standard which had never been mine. The general with whom I had communicated was appointed to superintend the execution of this plan, and a drawing-master of the college of Reus counterfeited all the signatures; whilst I, dressed in the French uniform, and passing for an aid-de-camp of Marshal Suchet, though unknown to any of the French generals with whom I was to treat, presented myself before all the strong places, and especially within the glacis of the fortress of Lerida, as a negotiator and the bearer of orders to the governor to evacuate it immediately with his troops. Such an undertaking was no less arduous than perilous in its execution; but success crowned my efforts, and Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon, were restored to the nation. This stratagem, without endangering any other life than my own, or causing a single drop of blood to be shed.....produced results, the importance of which was fully proved by subsequent events. The French garrisons of the above-mentioned places, expecting to join their army, having arrived after four days march at a narrow defile, were enveloped by superior forces, and obliged to lay down their arms.'

The return of Ferdinand was the signal for active hostility, on the part of the fanatical and the selfish, against the liberal and enlightened. The 'Apostolical' faction enlisted under its command the monks, a large proportion of the courtiers and



public functionaries, and a great number of individuals who, though not immediately interested in the prevalence of despotism, identified with it the preservation of the general tranquillity. The Inquisition resumed its activity, though it was, probably, in this instance at least, as much a political as a sacerdotal engine. In a state of things like this, a man so indiscreet and unguarded as Van Halen, was not likely to escape. His sentiments were well known, and his visits to the prisons, then filled with the friends of liberty, were not likely to escape the vigilant observance of those in authority. He seems to have been an active *intrigant*, and to have made himself somewhat conspicuous in that way. However this may be, he was arrested at Jaen, and conveyed to Malaga, where he was greeted by a peremptory order, commanding him to be shot without trial or delay. This document, was, however, so informal as to awaken suspicions on the part of the provincial authorities; and it was ultimately ascertained, that it had never been issued from the regular *bureaux*. The affair ended with the advancement of Don Juan from the rank of captain to that of lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. Unmoved by these warnings, he engaged himself in the conspiracy of the *Liberales*, and, with unaccountable negligence, suffered himself to be cajoled into unsuspecting confidence, by a Don Antonio Calvo, on whose information he was arrested in September, 1817, and confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Murcia. Here he was courteously treated by the Inquisitor Castañeda, and speedily made the discovery that two of his intimate companions were in a similar state of enthrallment. While under durance in this place, it occurred to him that, if he could contrive to gain an audience of the king, he might be able to produce a favourable impression on the royal mind, by a bold and animated appeal in behalf of the liberal party. With a view to this, he intimated that, if he could obtain an interview with the monarch, he might be induced to reveal circumstances which he was resolved not to disclose in any other way. Castañeda caught eagerly at the proposal; a petition was forwarded; and Van Halen was, in consequence, transferred to the ecclesiastical prison of Madrid. There is so much that is curious and characteristic in the account of the audience which he afterwards obtained, that we shall insert it entire. It should, however, be previously observed, that the circumstances of the case were singular. Calvo's treachery, and the seizure of Van Halen's papers, had put Government in possession of nothing more than the naked fact, that there existed in Spain, a formidable secret association; the names of the agents, and the precise extent and direction of the ramifications, were not ascertainable from the documents in hand.



Don Juan had not trusted Calvo with any thing that tended to implicate individuals, and he had used the further precaution of obliterating all signatures from the papers in his possession. Thus he became, personally, the only key to those important but imperfect indications ; and it was hoped, that by indulging him in his wish for a royal audience, he might be induced to give all the elucidations that were necessary. Previously to the interview, he was visited in his dungeon by an elderly personage with a very unprepossessing physiognomy, a favourite of Ferdinand's, and a dirty dabbler in court intrigues, Ramirez de Arellano by name ; and this respectable appendage of majesty formed, with a jailer and another individual, muffled up in a cloak, the escort of the prisoner.

‘ Having arrived at the palace, we ascended to the principal gallery by an unfrequented staircase, and then entered through a secret door, having the appearance of a window, to a small apartment, which communicated with that of the king, and which bears the name of the *Camarilla*. Ramirez de Arellano left us three there, and went in, probably to announce our arrival.

‘ On the stranger throwing aside his cloak, I observed that he wore the uniform of private secretary to the king ; and, as I afterwards learned, his name was Villar Frontin. We had been waiting half an hour, when an elegant young woman passed quickly through the room where we sat, followed by Ramirez de Arellano, who, motioning to the jailer to remain there, desired me and Villar Frontin to follow him, his tremulous hands still thrust in the pockets of his livery (uniform ?) coat. On reaching the saloon, he cried, “ Sire !”

‘ “ What is the matter ?” enquired a thick voice from within.

‘ “ Here is Van Halen,” replied Arellano. We were desired to enter, Villar Frontin remaining outside the door of the cabinet. The king was alone, sitting in the only chair that was in the room. As we entered, he rose and advanced a few steps towards us. We found him in a complete negligé, being without a cravat, and his waistcoat wholly unbuttoned. Before the arm-chair stood a large table, on which there were various papers, a portfolio, a writing-desk, and heaps of Havannah cigars spread about. Beside the table stood an escritoire, which probably was the same mentioned by Irriberri in which the king had locked my papers. As I approached him, I bent a knee to kiss his hand, according to the usual etiquette ; but he raised me, and said, “ What do you want ? Why do you wish to see me ?”

‘ “ Sire,” I replied, “ because I am quite confident that your Majesty, if you would deign to hear me leisurely, will dismiss those prejudices against me, which you doubtless must have been inspired with, to have ordered the rigorous treatment I have experienced.”

‘ “ Well, but you belong to a conspiracy, and you ought to reveal it to me. I know it all. Are you not horror-stricken ? Who are your accomplices ?”

“ “ To desire the good of one’s country, Sire, is not conspiring. I feel no hesitation in revealing to your Majesty those good wishes ; on the contrary, I rejoice at having found an opportunity of disclosing them to you. But if your Majesty know all, and know it correctly, there will be nothing more for me to add. Any further explanation your Majesty may require, will only contribute to soften your anger towards me, and to convince you that, if we have hitherto concealed our object from your Majesty, it was to avoid the vengeance of those who are striving to render hateful your illustrious name.”

“ “ Who are those who have so wilfully misled you ? Tell me who they are,—do not hesitate.”

“ “ Sire, if your Majesty know all, you must be aware that I have not been misled by any one ; but that I have always acted from self-conviction, and that the events of the times and the general mistrust have arrived at such a pitch, that I do not personally know any one of those who labour in the same cause.”

“ “ But you must know the means by which they are to be discovered. Your duty is to obey me. Choose my favour, or your disgrace.”

“ “ Sire, place yourself at our head, and you will then know every one of us.”

“ At these words Ramirez de Arellano came forward foaming with rage, and, raising his hands, exclaimed, in a most insolent and improper tone for the presence of a monarch, “ To the seed, Sir ! to the seed. We want no preambles or sophisms here. There is paper ; take this pen, here, here (pushing a pen and a sheet of paper towards me) here, you must write the names of all the conspirators—no roundabouts, no subterfuges. His Majesty is the king of these realms ; and there ought to be nothing hidden from him under the sun. I have read the Burroel (he meant the Barruel) ; I have been in France, and I know what all those factions are. Where are the sacred oaths for your king and your religion ?”

“ During the whole time of this furious ranting, I kept my eyes fixed on the king, who seemed converted into a statue from the moment Ramirez commenced speaking ; but when I saw him insist on my taking the pen, I said, without even looking at that despicable wretch, “ Sire, I know no one.”

“ “ Sire, to the Inquisition with him,” cried Ramirez. “ The tribunal will easily extort them from him.”

“ “ The king, showing some displeasure at Ramirez’s behaviour, said to me, “ But it is impossible you should not know them.”

“ “ Sire, if I meant to say what I could not prove, or if I wished to conceal a crime, I would rather avoid than seek the presence of my sovereign ; but if, being guilty, I sought it, once before your Majesty I would profit of the opportunity to ask a pardon which my innocence does not need.”

“ “ The king remained a few minutes thoughtful, his eyes fixed on me, and then said ; “ Tell me by writing whatever you have to say.” Another short pause now ensued, after which he took a cigar from the table, lighted it, and asked me if I smoked. On my answering



in the affirmative, he said to Arellano, who heard him with displeasure, "Carry him some cigars;" and then motioned me to withdraw. When I took his hand to kiss it, he pressed mine with an air of interest, and as I turned round at the door to make my obeisance, I heard him say, while conversing with Arellano, "What a pity, such a youth!" ..... A thousand times did I afterwards remember this expression.'

Van Halen was again consigned to his prison, but, on the following day, he received a packet containing nearly two hundred cigars, sent to him from the palace. This little attention, as well as the whole behaviour of Ferdinand during the interview just described, seems to indicate more of amiable disposition than he has generally obtained credit for. His associates, however, were sufficiently illustrative of his low and unkingly tastes. From infancy, he made the servants his companions. Chamorro, a waterman, and Arellano, who had blacked the royal shoes, were his special favourites. And the *camarilla*,—a small chamber occupied by the attendants in waiting,—became his usual resort, and the very head-quarters of sycophancy and intrigue. The Russian ambassador, Tachichef, by the agency of Ugarte, a servant of the embassy, obtained the control of the *camarilla*, and, for a time, managed it at his will.

More rigorous measures were now determined on, and Don Juan, remaining firm in his resolution not to inculcate his former friends, was treated with the utmost severity. The torture was applied, though the manner is not very clearly explained. It appears to have been effected by subjecting the extended arm to a rotatory movement, so as to strain and distort the muscles. Neither this nor subsequent suffering could shake the firmness of Van Halen, and he, at length, effected his escape by the intervention of a servant-girl, who occasionally cleaned out his cell. A plan had been in part arranged, but the final execution was, to a considerable extent, the result of accident, though its complete success was due to the communication previously established with his friends through the medium of the kind-hearted domestic.

'At length the hour for the execution of my plan drawing near, I listened attentively through the opening in the door, till hearing the distant noise of bolts, I retreated towards my bed. As soon as Don Marcelino entered, without recollecting the sign agreed upon respecting the plate, and fearing that this might be my last opportunity, I advanced towards him, extinguished the light, and pushing him violently to the farthest corner of the dungeon, flew to the door, and rushing through, shut it upon him and drew the bolt, at the same moment that he recovering himself threatened my life. Once



in the passage, I groped along in complete darkness: but the astounding cries of the new prisoner echoed so loudly through those vaults, that fearing they might be heard, I no sooner arrived at the third door of that labyrinth, than locking it after me, I took out its ponderous key, with which I armed myself for want of a better weapon.

‘I passed the dungeon of the other prisoners confined in those passages, who, far from imagining the scene that was acting, mistook my steps for those of the jailer. Following my way at random, I twice lost myself in the various windings, and a thousand times did I curse the obscurity which threatened to frustrate all my hopes. At length, after groping about for seven or eight minutes, which appeared an eternity to me, I reached the last staircase, from which I could distinguish the glimmerings of a light. As I ascended the stairs, I grasped the key in the manner of a pistol, and soon after found myself at the threshold of a door wide open, that led to an outer kitchen, in the middle of which hung a lantern. I judged by this that I was already out of the prison; but uncertain what direction to follow, and hearing the voices of people in some part of the house, I stood still for a moment, and then hastened to the kitchen to look for a hatchet, or some other weapon that might serve me, in case of meeting opposition. On entering, the first object that presented itself was Ramona, who stood pale and breathless, with a countenance in which astonishment was blended with anxiety and alarm. ‘What pistol is that? Where is my master?’ she exclaimed after a moment’s silence, raising her clasped hands towards heaven. I calmed her apprehensions by shewing her the key, when, immediately recovering her presence of mind, she drew from her bosom the notes I had given her, and returning them to me, pointed to a court, which led to the outer door, saying: ‘That is the way to the street. My mistress and her guest are in the saloon, you hear their voices. This is the very hour when she expects the arrival of some friends, and I must immediately call out, because they know I must necessarily see you before you get to the court. For heaven’s sake hasten away, for I can render you no further assistance.’ Saying this she pressed my hands in her’s with deep emotion, and I hurried towards the court. As the remainder of my way was also involved in darkness, I lost some minutes in finding the right direction to the door, when the rustling of the bell-wire seemed to guide me to it. Here I heard the voices of some persons outside, who certainly did not expect to meet with such a porter.

‘Mean time Ramona, who was to open the door, on hearing the bell ring, began screaming for assistance, as if she had been hurt by some one passing in great haste. The ladies, alarmed, joined their cries to her’s, and I opened the door amidst this confusion, pushed down the person just entering, and reached the street, feeling as if I breathed a second life.’

The particulars of our Author’s concealment in Madrid, his

various hazards, and the means of his safety, are interestingly detailed. They are not, however, susceptible of analysis; and as we have already given a fair allotment of space to Don Juan's narrative, we must pass very rapidly through the remainder. After many difficulties and perils, he obtained a passport under a feigned name, succeeded in escaping from Spain, by way of France, and reached England in security. His residence here was not long; he obtained rank in the Russian army, and served under General Yermoloff, in the army of the Caucasus, with distinguished valour and ability. The constitutional revolution of Spain in 1820, was so little to the taste of the magnanimous Alexander, that he abruptly dismissed Van Halen, who hastened home through Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, and France. He is now in England, and, in return for the gratification and instruction that his very entertaining narrative has afforded us, we cannot do better than tender him our best wishes for his second recal from exile, under happier auspices than those of his first.

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Art. VIII. *Vocabulary to the Œdipus Rex of Sophocles*; containing the Composition and Derivation of the Words, with Figures of Reference to the Text, and occasional Explanations. By George Hughes, A.M. 12mo. Price 2s. 6d. bound. London. 1827.

**T**HE duties involved upon those whose province it is to imbue the youthful mind with the lore of antiquity, are so arduous and continued, that any one must deserve well at their hands, who can project a method by which those labours may be diminished or abridged. Nor will the benefit be appreciated by the instructor alone, but the parent and the child will participate in the sentiment of gratitude.

A century, or even half a century ago, the education of youth was confined within comparatively narrow limits, both as to the sphere embraced, and the numbers educated. Practical science made but a small part of the accomplishments comprised in a liberal education. It was never promulgated among the people, as at present; and was sought by few, except those whose professional engagements rendered its acquisition indispensable. Our intercourse with foreign parts being less frequent, and foreign authors being consequently less known than at present, the languages of Europe were seldom acquired by any but by the mercantile part of the community. The vast strides made in knowledge during late years,—the universal spread of education,—the immense circulation given to our own standard authors,—and the great accession of modern

writers, with whose works it is almost disgraceful to be unacquainted,—the repute in which those of our continental neighbours are beginning to be held,—and the increasing intercourse subsisting with those countries,—together with the decided bent to science which our own countrymen have taken, with a view to the improvement of our manufactures and the extension of our commerce,—have necessarily created a stir in the minds of men, and led to treatises and schemes of education without number. Our forefathers had enough to learn; yet, every day is adding to the stock of knowledge which their posterity is bound to acquire. The difficulty is to shew, how this extended knowledge may be gained, without impairing its solidity. The matter, indeed, may very speedily be put to rest, if we consent to relinquish some of our hereditary possessions, and, captivated with the glare of modern and showy accomplishments, reject as obsolete and antiquated, the sturdy and laborious pursuits of our forefathers. But this were a bad precedent for those who are to follow us. It would be as impolitic conduct as that of a commander, who should push forward his victorious army to new conquests, without leaving any garrison to maintain loyalty and submission in those towns which had surrendered to his arms. Before, therefore, we resort to such an expedient, we seem bound to try every method by which we may secure what is new, without waiving our right to the tenure of what is old. And here, the obvious idea which presents itself, is to save time. Since a double portion of knowledge is to be acquired, and the period allotted to education cannot be prolonged, but rather needs curtailing, we must direct our attention to the economy of time, and, beginning with the mind even in its infant training, observe where retrenchment can be advantageously adopted. We are not indeed so infatuated as to suppose, that the infant mind can, or ought to be, prematurely forced to the exercise of faculties as yet undeveloped or but feeble in their action: but we think that parents and those who have the management of children are now imperatively called to reflect,—how much has this child to learn, in order to keep pace with the accumulating knowledge of the day. By acting upon this reflection, and by inculcating it as a motive for industry, many frivolous pastimes may be converted into profitable amusements.—To dictate all the petty occasions and modes in which this husbanding of time may be practised, would be as impertinent as, for a moralist, while insisting on the duty of frugality, to condescend to all the minutiae of housekeeping. It may not, however, be deemed presumptuous to illustrate our meaning by an instance.—Suppose a child to be occupied an hour each



day, from the age of six till twelve, in learning to write: in this space of six years, or say 1800 hours, can nothing more than the art of calligraphy be acquired? According to the prevailing method, indeed, the only thing gained, in addition to the manual operation, is the infixing in the memory some trite saw, or grave maxim, which, how excellent soever in itself, has no effect on practice, and conveys no additional information. 'Love your country'—'Honour your parents'—are excellent precepts; but he must be credulous indeed, who imagines that the obligation to these duties is taking deep root in the mind, while the pen is forming the curl of an L, or giving a cross to a t. We should not be so bold as to suggest any innovation in this particular branch, did not fact enable us to assert, that we have known a child of seven years of age, gain a very correct outline of Grecian history, and become familiar with the names of illustrious men, and with the geography of the places, merely by writing them as copies in daily succession; the instructor making it his business to fill up the sketch, by briefly detailing the history and anecdotes connected with them, which, from the interest and curiosity they excite, act as an incentive to, and reward of, the care bestowed upon the writing. The child thus, as he proceeds, fixes the marks for himself, by which he can with care retrace his course, at its completion; and by referring to these names, as so many heads or bonds of association, will give in his own language a succinct account of the scenes and characters with which they are connected.

The need of this economy of time, in the various higher departments of learning, has not escaped notice; but the means taken for securing it, have been often calculated to promote expedition, at the expense of soundness. No traveller would be content with increased speed, when the hazard of life increases in like proportion; nor will any extraordinary advance in knowledge, compensate for the risk of durability.

The work which heads this article, is on an admirable plan, and well executed. Its design is stated to be, 'to put into the learner's hand, in as small a compass as possible, *every thing needful* for mastering the play, and *nothing more*.' If this one tragedy be read carefully, and the learner make himself acquainted with the contents of this auxiliary volume, he will find the difficulties of any tragedy he may afterwards attack, greatly reduced. As a book for schools, we cordially recommend it, and hope that the same aid will be supplied to the other portions of the Greek Drama.

We are the more glad to see this little work, because, from interlinear translations and other modes of acceleration, now

in vogue, we expect little real benefit to classical literature, which, we hope, will still maintain its due rank, *maugre* the attempts that have been made to depreciate it. Some *Educational Economists*, in considering what stage or department of literature would best bear a reduction, have given their vote against classical pursuits; and this heretical view, supported by a distinguished journal\* with considerable ingenuity, has spread, to the great detriment, not so much of classical credit, as of those who have been so unfortunate as to submit to this empirical mode of instruction, offered as a substitute for the old system of which it pretends to be an improvement. These gentlemen affect to pity the ingenuous and sprightly boy worried and exhausted by his Latin Grammar: as if the ingenuous and sprightly boy would not find equally irksome any task whatever, which detained him from his bat and his angling-rod. These amiable enthusiasts speak as if they thought a child might be played and cheated into knowledge; but we suspect that a month's practice with a form at Westminster, would lead them to a speedy recantation of their speculative errors. The same may be remarked of the cultivation of the mind, that Virgil says of the soil:

‘ *Pater ipse, colendi  
Haud facilem esse viam voluit.*’

Yet, as we do not reject our bread, because it has cost so much toil and anxiety during its growth and preparation, neither should we condemn classical pursuits, because they also are attended with severe discipline. Let us enrich the soil, improve the mode of tillage and implements of husbandry, but not, in a fit of spleen, resort to the foolish alternative, of either contenting ourselves with spontaneous production, or dispensing altogether with the boon.

Those who undervalue a classical education, find a responsive feeling, not only in the child, who would, confessedly, with joy rid himself of the nuisance, but in many who, from some defect in their education, from unskilfulness and inaptitude on the part of their teachers, or from a perverseness in themselves, or some other cause, made but small progress, and that little at the expense of a many a smart, or much rebuke and rating. But let such persons consider, whether the unfavourable circumstances under which they laboured, operate equally now, and in all cases; let them remember too, that, although they never ranked as scholars, they have perhaps learned much; and that a great part of their acquisitions which they

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\* Edinburgh Review, Art. *Hamiltonian System*, &c. &c.



may be apt to attribute to other sources, or entirely to forget whence they sprung, may be traced to this apparently fruitless period of their lives. We are all too much inclined, whether we have risen in rank, wealth, or literary renown, to 'look into the clouds, and scorn the base degrees by which we have ascended.'

Of the two departments of education, *literary* and *scientific*, the latter has the greater number of disciples, in what is called the middle rank of society. But the promoters of science, in struggling for the pre-eminence, have not always dealt fairly with the other and the established party; nor wisely, if the real interest of the nation be consulted. The honours and high places have certainly been engrossed by the classical and literary band; but we are of opinion, that unless they have some advantages of this kind thrown into the scale, they will not maintain their fair equilibrium with the opposite party. Scientific information is commonly received with far greater avidity by a child or youth, than language and philology. An electrical or chemical experiment pleases the eye, and awakens curiosity: the acquisition of a language taxes the memory, is less conversant with interesting facts, and does not, apparently, conduce to any practical uses of life. Hence, were a choice allowed, the desk and forms would very soon be deserted for the Lecture-room;—grammars would no more be heard of; but microscopes, and air-pumps, and chemical apparatus would prove temporary idols; and these would be quickly abandoned by their pampered but never-satisfied caprice. Those, therefore, who weaken the obligations to classical literature, introduce a dangerous innovation;—until, at least, they shall have provided some other basis of education, and shall have proved that, from the years of seven to fifteen, a course of Architecture or Mineralogy, or some other science, may, with advantage, supplant the usual routine of grammatical studies, and will better sustain the rank of Britain as a literary and polished nation. The English universities are, in a manner, the hereditary national conservatories of the relics of Greece and Rome; inasmuch as the editions printed under their auspices, or illustrated by scholars whom they produce, are of the first order; and being large and wealthy bodies, and having manuscripts in their custody, they enjoy greater advantages than any individuals can hope to meet with. And since every profession, and every art, must have a nursery of its own, and head-quarters, where measures best calculated to advance the interest of that art or profession, may be canvassed and executed;—as we have a Royal Academy for sculpture and painting; and as each body of tradesmen in the metropolis has its hall, and court, and



livery, so, we conceive, the universities, having assumed the protectorate of classical knowledge, are not to be treated with reproach and insult, unless a case of decided mal-administration can be made out against them. And, if it be thought that they are not comprehensive enough in their plan, we do not see that *this* should give serious umbrage, for the objectors have an easy alternative. Let those who think science too much excluded, take it under their own patronage, and do as much for it, as the overseers of classical knowledge have done for the charge delegated to them. And as the existing universities are the schools of the nation for classical lore, let the rising university of London be the school for science in general. Neither interferes with the other; and if Adam Smith's doctrine of the division of bodily labour will extend to intellectual labour, (as we think it does,) the nation may expect the greatest advantages from the separate operations of each. There is no need for a spirit of jealousy on the one part, or of an exterminating and disparaging temper on the other. The track to be trodden is wide enough for both to go abreast, without making it a moot point, whether the loom of Minerva shall take precedence of the lyre of Apollo.

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Art. IX. *Hymns written and adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year.* By the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. A new Edition. 12mo. pp. 116. Price 4s. 6d. London, 1827.

**WE** can have few readers to whom Bishop Heber's noble Missionary hymn,

‘From Greenland’s icy mountains,’

is unknown. It is one of the most felicitous combinations of the picturesque and the sublimely devotional that our poetry can furnish. A volume of hymns from the same pen, therefore—although it would have been unreasonable to expect an entire volume of *such* hymns—could not fail to be highly acceptable to the public. But the circumstances under which this volume appears, give a mournful interest to the publication. These Hymns, we are informed,

‘were arranged by Bishop Heber with a hope that they might be deemed worthy of general adoption into our churches; and it was his intention to publish them soon after his arrival in India; but the arduous duties of his situation left little time, during the short life there allotted to him, for any employment not immediately connected with his diocese. The work is now given to the world in compliance

with his wishes, and from an anxious desire that none of his labours in the service of Christianity should be lost.'

Of the hymns in the present volume, fifty-eight, or about one third, are by the learned Prelate; several are from the pen of the Rev. H. H. Milman; one is taken from Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; a few from the works of Bp. Jeremy Taylor; and Watts, Pope, Cowper, Addison, Tate and Brady, Bp. Ken, &c. have furnished the rest. Our readers will naturally feel the most interest in the Bishop's original compositions, and of these, therefore, we shall first lay before them a few specimens. The following is, perhaps, one of the most spirited and elegant.

'Jerusalem, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,  
Thou favour'd home of God on earth, thou Heav'n below the sky;  
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,  
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

'Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flock'd beneath the  
wing  
Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed King,  
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,  
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free!

'“And who art thou that mournest me?” replied the ruin grey,  
“And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a cast-away?  
I am a dried and abject branch, my place is giv'n to thee;  
But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

'“Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,  
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment;  
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,  
Who spared not His chosen seed, may send His wrath on thee!

'“Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime;  
Oh, turn and seek thy Saviour's face in the accepted time!  
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,  
And in the New Jerusalem thy home for ever be!”

Several of these Hymns which we should have been disposed to extract for their superior merit and beauty, have already appeared in so many collections, that they would no longer be new to our readers. Among those to which we allude are, that extremely elegant one beginning,

'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,'  
and the hymn for St. Stephen's day,

'The Son of God goes forth to war.'

Six or seven have been set to music by Mr. Jowett, and ap-

pear in his *Lyra Sacra*. The following is new to us, and, although not of so poetical a cast as many others, pleases us not less by its simplicity.

‘FOR WHITSUNDAY.

‘Spirit of Truth! on this Thy day  
To Thee for help we cry,  
To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality!

‘We ask not, Lord! thy cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone;  
But long thy praises to proclaim  
With fervour in our own.

‘We mourn not that prophetic skill  
Is found on earth no more:  
Enough for us to trace Thy will  
In Scripture's sacred lore.

‘We neither have nor seek the power  
Ill demons to control;  
But Thou, in dark temptation's hour,  
Shalt cleanse them from the soul.

‘No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share;  
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,  
And bless Thee in our prayer.

‘When tongues shall cease, and power decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do thou Thy trembling servants stay,  
With faith, with hope, with love.’

The chief draw-back on the merit of Bishop Heber's *Hymns* is, their savouring too obviously of the art; they are sometimes almost too poetical in their phraseology, as well as too light and sometimes fantastic in the versification adopted. It may seem invidious to descend to minute criticism upon a posthumous publication; but, as the present volume appears under high authority, and is offered for general adoption into the Church service,—moreover, as the veneration in which the Author's memory is justly held, may lead to his being imitated as well as admired,—we feel it our duty to point out the extremely unsuitable character of such metrical novelties as, for instance, the hymn for ascension-day:

‘“ Sit Thou on my right hand, my Son!” saith the Lord.  
“ Sit Thou on my right hand, my Son!  
Till in the fatal hour  
Of my wrath and power,  
Thy foes shall be a footstool to Thy throne!”’



Or again, the hymn beginning,

' There was joy in Heaven !  
There was joy in Heaven !'

It is evident, that the metre employed has sometimes been determined by the favourite air to which the hymn has been adapted, as in the evening hymn and some others : but such a design (which is certainly reversing the natural order of things, in a manner not often successful) ought at least not to be betrayed in the poetry. As hymns for public worship, we should make exception against some others as quite unsuitable ; for instance, the seventh in the volume.

' The world is grown old, and her pleasures are past,  
The world is grown old, and her form may not last ;  
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear ;  
For sorrows abound, and judgement is near !'

The whole of this poem, we do not scruple to say, is in very bad taste, and quite below the dignity of the theme : we wish that it had been suppressed.

Nor do our objections relate only to Bishop Heber's own compositions. Much of Mr. Milman's glittering verse is still less to our taste, and the tripping melody of his stanzas ill comports with the pealing organ's sober harmony. We cannot admire, though many persons doubtless will, his hymn for Advent Sunday, commencing :

' The chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll on fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire :  
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bow'd.'  
' The glory ! the glory ! &c.'

These are tricks of art : they are meant to imitate fervour, but betray the want of it. Again, in the hymn at page 42, the first line of every stanza is :

' Ride on ! ride on in majesty !'

We should be sorry to hear a congregation shouting forth any such exclamation. In fact, as a collection for the purpose of Psalmody, the volume is open to very serious objection, and we should strongly deprecate its general adoption.

There is one feature in the volume which we regret to have occasion to notice. Addison, Dryden, Pope, Walter Scott, Logan, and Sternhold and Hopkins have been laid under contribution, and there are *two* from Dr. Watts ; but these are given as *anonymous*—we hope for want of better information ;

although to be ignorant of Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns reflects no honour upon any person, whether as a poet or a divine. We must think, however, that Sternhold's doggrel version of the xxiiiid psalm, would never have been adopted in such a collection, had the Editor been aware of the admirable versions which are to be found in our hymn-books. There are other sources to which the Bishop might have had access, other names besides that of Dr. Watts, which have been strangely passed by, as if their authors were in the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Establishment; and yet, we cannot imagine, that a man of Bishop Heber's catholic spirit, would have refused to give insertion to the most beautiful devotional poetry in our language, had he been aware of its existence, merely because it had proceeded from the pen of a Protestant Dissenter, a Wesleyan, or a Moravian.

These remarks, it will be remembered, are meant to apply to the publication only as a hymn-book. Had Bishop Heber's compositions appeared by themselves, we should have contented ourselves with expressing our high admiration of many of these hymns, and our satisfaction at receiving so pleasing an accession, more especially from such a quarter, to our stock of sacred poetry. Viewed in this light, they do honour to the learned and amiable Prelate's genius and piety. Nor can we dismiss the volume without indulging ourselves in one more extract; a hymn written on recovery from sickness, which is stated to have been found since the publication of the first edition, and which strikes us as altogether the most interesting composition in the collection, being evidently suggested by the Author's own feelings, and it is, consequently, touching and beautiful.

‘ Oh, Saviour of the faithful dead,  
With whom thy servants dwell,  
Though cold and green the turf is spread,  
Above their narrow cell,—

‘ No more we cling to mortal clay;  
We doubt and fear no more;  
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way  
Which Thou hast trod before!

‘ ’Twas hard from those I loved, to go,  
Who knelt around my bed,  
Whose tears bedew’d my burning brow,  
Whose arms upheld my head.

‘ As, fading from my dizzy view,  
I sought their forms in vain,  
The bitterness of death I knew,  
And groan’d to live again.



' 'Twas dreadful when th' Accuser's power  
Assail'd my sinking heart,  
Recounting every wasted hour,  
And each unworthy part.

' But, Jesus ! in that mortal fray,  
Thy blessed comfort stole,  
Like sunshine in a stormy day,  
Across my darken'd soul !

' When, soon or late, this feeble breath  
No more to Thee shall pray,  
Support me through the vale of death,  
And in the darksome way !

' When, cloth'd in fleshly weeds again,  
I wait Thy dread decree,  
Judge of the World ! bethink Thee then  
That Thou has died for me.'

Art. X. *A Defence of the Missions in the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, against the Misrepresentations contained in a late Number of the Quarterly Review; in a Letter to the Editor of that Journal.* By William Orme. 8vo. pp. 144. Price 3s. 6d. London, 1827.

IN expectation of the appearance of this full and masterly defence, we have delayed, longer than we otherwise ought to have done, to correct any erroneous impression which we may have assisted in propagating, relative to the conduct of the American Missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. We regret that we should for a moment have been led to harbour a suspicion of their discretion and singleness of purpose, by the dark insinuations thrown out by an anonymous calumniator. In reviewing the ' Voyage of the Blonde,'\* we had occasion to remark upon the flimsy and catch-penny character of that publication, which was the more striking as contrasted with Mr. Ellis's interesting volume on Hawaii. Not being, however, in the secret, we were little aware of the way in which the whole thing was got up, and we were as little prepared to suspect that any writer who had the least regard for his own character, would have ventured to put forth such gratuitous and shameful calumnies. This must be our apology for having given expression to the wish, that Mr. Ellis was on the spot, to prevent any mischief arising from the alleged indiscretion of Mr. Bingham and his fellow-missionaries. The article in the Quarterly Review, in which these misrepresentations were adopted as the foundation

\* Eclectic Review. April, 1827.



of a general attack upon Christian Missions, soon undeceived us. It then became pretty evident, under whose auspices the whole had been concocted. That article professed to be drawn up from the 'Voyage' in question, and from the unpublished letters of a Captain Beechey, whom this Defence places in no very enviable light. To substantiate the injurious statements vented by the Letter-writer and the Reviewer, a forged letter was given at the end of the Number, purporting to be from Boki, one of the chiefs of the Sandwich Islands, which the Editor of the Review pledged himself to be genuine, and to which he directed attention as amply confirming what had been stated with regard to the conduct of the American Missionaries. The Editor (Mr. Lockhart) was promptly written to, and the imposition pointed out. His reply stated, that he could hardly think *the Admiralty* (that is, Mr. Barrow) were deceived as to the authenticity of Boki's letter; but, if Mr. Ellis could shew it to be spurious, it would give him (Mr. L.) satisfaction to insert a note from him in the Quarterly. Mr. Ellis accordingly drew up a letter for insertion, of which we shall give so much as relates to this impudent fabrication.

'The letter inserted as a "note to the article on the Sandwich islanders," bears strong indication of being spurious; and I cannot but suspect, that an imposition has been practised upon the British Admiral, to whom it was sent. Boki (who was my scholar until his embarkation for England) was never taught to write English, and probably never attempted it. The style of his sentiments, and the structure of his sentences would have been totally different. To "take" an "opportunity," is a phrase which would have been unintelligible to him. The commencement of the letter is a close imitation of the manner of letter-writers of the lower orders in this country, and has no resemblance to the native habits of thinking and expression. The phraseology throughout is foreign. No native of the Sandwich Islands would have any idea of "GOING THROUGH four operations." They never speak of a king as the *head* of a nation, a general as the *head* of an army, or a father as the *head* of a family. Had Boki wished to describe Mr. Bingham as (we should say) the head of the mission, he would have called him the *chief* of the mission. The facts of the letter contradict themselves. Boki, with his brother, Karaimoku, exercises the supreme authority in the Islands; and if it had been his desire that Mr. Bingham should have left the Islands, his command would have been sufficient to have enforced, at any time, compliance with his wishes. The orthography, in many instances, is certainly such as Boki would not employ. Had he written the letter, he would surely have spelt his own name correctly, according to the orthography established by the printing-press in the Islands; yet, in the last paragraph of the copy sent to England, with a sight of which I have been favoured, Mrs. Boki's name is spelt *Bockey*. Besides this incorrectness, here are two letters, viz. *c* and *y*,

introduced, which do not exist in their language. In the next line, Boki's own name is spelt *Boke*; but in your Review, both these names are altered, and appear as if they had been properly written, *Boki*.

'In addition to the above brief statement of the evidence, that the letter was neither written nor dictated by Boki, I have evidence on his own testimony, dated only three months before this letter is said to have been written. I have also letters of a later date from missionaries and chiefs, containing very different statements. Boki, in his last letter to me, under date of October, 1825, observes, "All is smooth and straight here, I am making myself strong in the Word of God. Turned have the chiefs to instruction. I speak unto them, and encourage them concerning the Word of God, that it may be well with our land." ' pp. 9, 10.

Instead of inserting Mr. Ellis's letter, as honour and justice required, the Editor of the Review thought proper to insert in the ensuing Number the following note.

'We have received a letter from Mr. Ellis (the missionary), in which *he tells us* that the Letter from *Boki*, quoted in the last page of our last Number, is a forgery. In answer to this, we can only assure Mr. Ellis, that the Letter certainly did come from the Sandwich Islands; that its genuineness neither has been, nor is, doubted, either by the officer of the Blonde who received it, or by his captain; and that the gentlemen of that ship concur in stating the tenour of the Letter to be in perfect accordance with the sentiments which Boki was in the habit of expressing to them while they were in his society. We can easily believe that Mr. Boki may not have been in the habit of writing, or even of speaking his mind quite so openly—to Mr. Ellis.'

On the suppression of Mr. Ellis's clear and unanswerable proofs of the spuriousness of the Letter, we make no other comment, than, that the want of good faith betrayed in the first sentence, which represents Mr. Ellis as simply affirming it to be a forgery, must of itself throw discredit upon the subsequent statement. We have reason to believe that *all* the gentlemen of the Blonde do *not* concur in the statement attributed to them. From one officer of that ship, a letter has been received, at utter variance with the mis-statements of the Reviewer; extracts from which letter will be found in the publication before us. Mr. Orme has also been enabled to communicate a document of no small interest,—extracts from the journal of a Captain in his Majesty's Navy, who visited the South Seas in 1822, and who spontaneously furnished them for publication, as containing an impartial testimony, founded on personal observation, to the zeal, prudence, and successful labours of the Missionaries. To this are added, the testimonies of other naval officers to the marvellous change



which has taken place on the once wretched inhabitants of the Society Islands. 'The man who refuses to acknowledge it,' remarks Mr. Orme,

'must be incapable of receiving right impressions from the most powerful and satisfactory evidence; and he who admits the change, but denies that the preaching and influence of Christianity have produced it, had need to consider how far the Divine address is applicable to him: "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish, for I work a work in your day, which ye will in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you."'

Of the nature and extent of that change, we cannot suppose any of our readers to be ignorant; but we strongly recommend to their perusal the additional facts and interesting illustrations contained in the present publication. We do not deem it necessary to follow Mr. Orme through his able exposure of the disgraceful blunders and malignant allegations of the Quarterly Reviewer. They are quite of a piece with the ignorant praise lavished in that Journal upon the mendacious Dubois, the calumnious charges brought against Mr. Fowler Buxton and Mr. Wilberforce, and the recent attack upon the Serampore Missionaries,—in short, with the systematic hostility so long waged by at least *one* writer, who has been by far too prominent in the Review, against Missionaries in general and the cause of evangelical religion. It is, indeed, lamentable, that a Journal which stands so high as a literary work, and which comes forth with a sort of semi-official authority, should be committed and disgraced by the splenetic and dogmatical effusions of a man, who, in meddling with religion, which he does not understand, never fails to get out of his depth and out of temper. Punch should keep to his pantomime, as Junius advised Garrick; and a nautical man should not go to sea without a compass. We must transcribe Mr. Orme's manly appeal to the Editor of the Quarterly, with which his Letter concludes.

'Civilization is advancing with rapid strides in connection with the progress of religion. The kraal of the Hottentot is supplanted by the well-built village, rapidly advancing to a town. The hut of the Tahitian is forgotten in the comfortable house and the neatly constructed furniture. The savage canoe has given place to ships of burden; and lawless plunder is abandoned for equitable commerce.

'By the exertions of these despised Missionaries, new fields of discovery have been opened to the philosopher. They have penetrated into regions where the foot of other travellers has never trode; and have explored many regions unknown before. They have presented man under aspects the most peculiar and interesting in which he can be contemplated. They have added new facts to his natural history, and new features to his physical character. They have added fresh



languages to the vocabulary of the earth, and presented in written forms, alphabets and tongues unknown in the literature of the world. They have opened new refuges to our ships, and new channels to our commerce, and multiplied the friends of our country. Apart from Christianity, to the philosopher, the politician, and the philologist, the labours of these men must be interesting; and to hold them up to scorn, as you have done, is no less a violation of good taste, than of all right feeling and principle.

‘Do not suppose, that I mean to claim for the men, or for their work, the character of perfection. No, Sir, the men are human creatures, and to err is their’s. Much imperfection has attached to all the plans, and to all the individuals engaged in prosecuting them. But a divine blessing has undoubtedly rested on the engagement, and we may fearlessly appeal to the fruits, for evidence that the work is God’s.

‘I know that, both in the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, various attempts are at present making to injure the work of God, and mar the comfort and success of the Missionaries. There are individuals, of whom other things might be expected, acting a most guilty part towards the simple, unoffending natives; and who find it necessary to blacken, if possible, the Missionaries, to justify their own nefarious and criminal conduct. Finding that it is no longer practicable, as formerly, “to work all iniquity with greediness,” they are endeavouring to revenge themselves on the persons who have taught the Islanders a pure morality, and the value of property, as well as the salvation of Christ. But they must not be allowed to go on, if they will not take a hint in time. Both the parties and their conduct are known, and it cannot be doubted, that a representation made in the proper quarter, of what is taking place, will not be made in vain. Should it be so, there is a voice in Great Britain, which can speak in thunder, even across the Pacific Ocean, and which will make the ears of the most hardened enemy to tingle.

‘If, Sir, the Missionaries must be decried, are we not entitled to ask, Whom would you substitute in their place? When are your eminently wise and prudent men to go forth to the work of benevolence? Depend upon it, we shall rejoice, when better qualified instruments undertake the cause, and proceed under a wiser direction. But is the world to run on in ruin, and are men to be left recklessly to perish, till the philosophers and literati of the earth engage for their deliverance? Till then, is it generous, is it philosophical, is it just, to vilify the only agents, however humble, and the only means, however contemptible, which are employed in the high and holy service of the world’s renovation?

‘Do not suppose, Sir, that the observations of this letter, are dictated by resentment or fear. Indignation we must feel, at conduct which we hold to be disingenuous, illiberal, and unchristian. But resentment we neither feel nor cherish. The cause is not ours, but the God’s whom we serve, and to Him we commit its avengement. In His hands, we know it must be safe; and therefore we have nothing to fear. Your efforts may be continued; and they may increase in malignity and effect; but depend upon it, they must fail. We know too well the ground which we occupy, and are too much encouraged

by the progress which has been already made, to fear any thing for the future. The cause of Christ must go on and prosper, though the powers of darkness, and the *Dii majorum gentium*,—the principalities and powers of the literature and science of this world, should do their worst. The Saviour must reign till all his enemies be made his footstool; and whether those enemies be found among the savages or the civilized of the earth, they must and shall be subdued. The period is coming, when all that has opposed and obstructed the progress of His kingdom, shall be swept away; and all who have promoted it, shall be visited with his favour;—when the names of a BARROW, and a BEECHEY, and others that might be mentioned, shall perish in the wreck of the literature of the world; and when those who first preached the doctrine of the cross to the savages of Tahiti and Hawaii, shall be held in everlasting remembrance.' pp. 77—80.

In the Postscript to this Letter, a variety of documents are given from the American papers, rebutting with additional evidence, and in terms of just indignation, the calumnies of the English Reviewer. Among these, there is a very sensible letter from the Rev. Mr. Baldwin to the Editor of the New York Enquirer, which is introduced with the following statement.

'In regard to the letter of Boki, upon which the Editor of the Quarterly Review places so much reliance, the genuineness of which we have questioned, and which Mr. Baldwin also questions, we have now the means of pronouncing it unhesitatingly a fabrication. Two gentlemen of veracity have called this morning, who are well acquainted with Boki, and who happen to know, that *he cannot speak English, much less write it.*'

Mr. Baldwin refers to facts of a most nefarious and outrageous kind, relating to the conduct of certain European and American renegadoes resident in the Sandwich Islands, as furnishing the true key to the machinations which have for their object to bring the Missionaries into discredit. It is to be hoped that, when these circumstances are brought to light, Captain Beechey and Mr. Barrow will be able to clear themselves from the imputation of having willingly lent their aid to blind the public, and thereby skreen such miscreants from infamy. We do not, however, even as matters now stand, envy the Reviewer. The Letters from the Rev. C. S. Stewart in defence of himself and his brethren, which are given in the Postscript, and the documents with which they are accompanied, place his statements and his authorities in a very contemptible light. 'I do not hesitate to assert,' says Mr. S., in the firm confidence of proving the truth of the assertion, 'that the Review, so far as it relates to the American Missionaries, is chargeable with gross error, misrepresentation, and falsehood.' Let the Reviewer disprove these plain charges—if he can.



## ART. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Preparing for the press, by C. R. Muston, A.M., *Recognition in the World to Come*; being an attempt to establish, on the principles of reason and revelation, the doctrine of Perpetuated Friendship amongst good men, and to consider it under its various consolatory and practical aspects.

Professor J. G. Flügel of the University of Leipzig, is engaged on an English and German Dictionary, which will be comprised in two octavo volumes, and contain all technical terms. It is expected to appear early next spring.

Dr. Uwins will publish very early in the present month, a small volume on Diseases connected with Indigestion, which will also contain a commentary on the principal ailments of Children.

In the press, a Poem descriptive of Henley-on-Thames and its immediate Environs. A Delineation of the characteristic features of this beautiful Scenery, has, we believe, never before been attempted.

Speedily will be published, *Religion in India*, a Voice directed to Christian Churches for millions in the East. Edited by the Rev. S. L.—, and the Rev. J. W. M.—. The profits to be devoted to the Mysore Mission College.

In November will be published, elegantly embellished, and dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of London, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*: a Poem. Designed to illustrate the Presence of God over the Works of Creation, and in Human Life. By Robert Montgomery.

In the press, *Sylvia*, or the May Queen, a lyrical drama. By George Darley, Esq.

A New Monthly Magazine is announced, to commence on the First of January, 1828, called the *British Magazine of Literature, Religion, and Philosophy*. It is said that it will occupy a middle ground, between the Literary and Religious worlds.

In the press, *The Process of Historical Proof Explained and Exemplified*; to which are subjoined, *Observations on the Peculiar Points of the Christian Evidence*. By Isaac Taylor, Jun., Author of *Elements of Thought*, &c.

In the press, and will be published early in December, in 2 vols. 12mo.

*The Antidote*; or, *Memoirs of a Modern Freethinker*: including Letters and Conversations on Scepticism and the Evidences of Christianity.

In the press, *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious*, of the late John Mason Good, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. With numerous illustrative Selections from his unpublished Papers. By Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. &c. &c. In 1 vol. 8vo.

Preparing for publication, with a Plan of the proposed Town of Hygeia, and Map of the Vicinity of Cincinnati, *Sketch of a Journey through the Western States of North America, from New Orleans, by the Mississippi, Ohio, City of Cincinnati, and Falls of Niagara, to New York, in 1827*. By W. Bullock, F.L.S. &c. &c. Author of "*Travels in Mexico*." With a Description of the New and Flourishing City of Cincinnati, by Messrs. B. Drake and E. D. Mansfield. And a Selection from various Authors, on the present Condition and future Prospects of the Settlers, in the Fertile and Populous State of Ohio, containing information useful to Persons desirous of settling in America.

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